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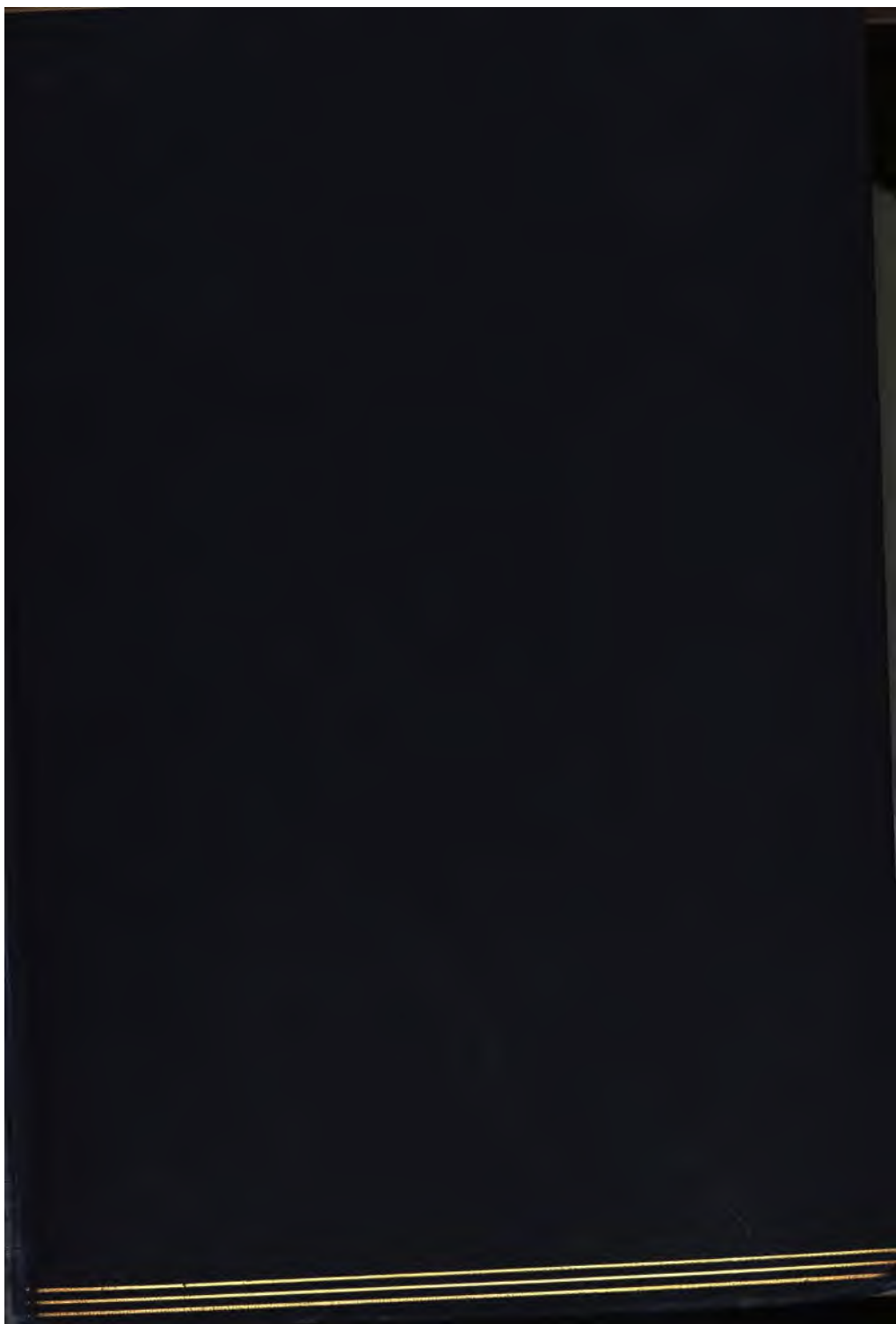
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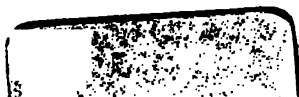


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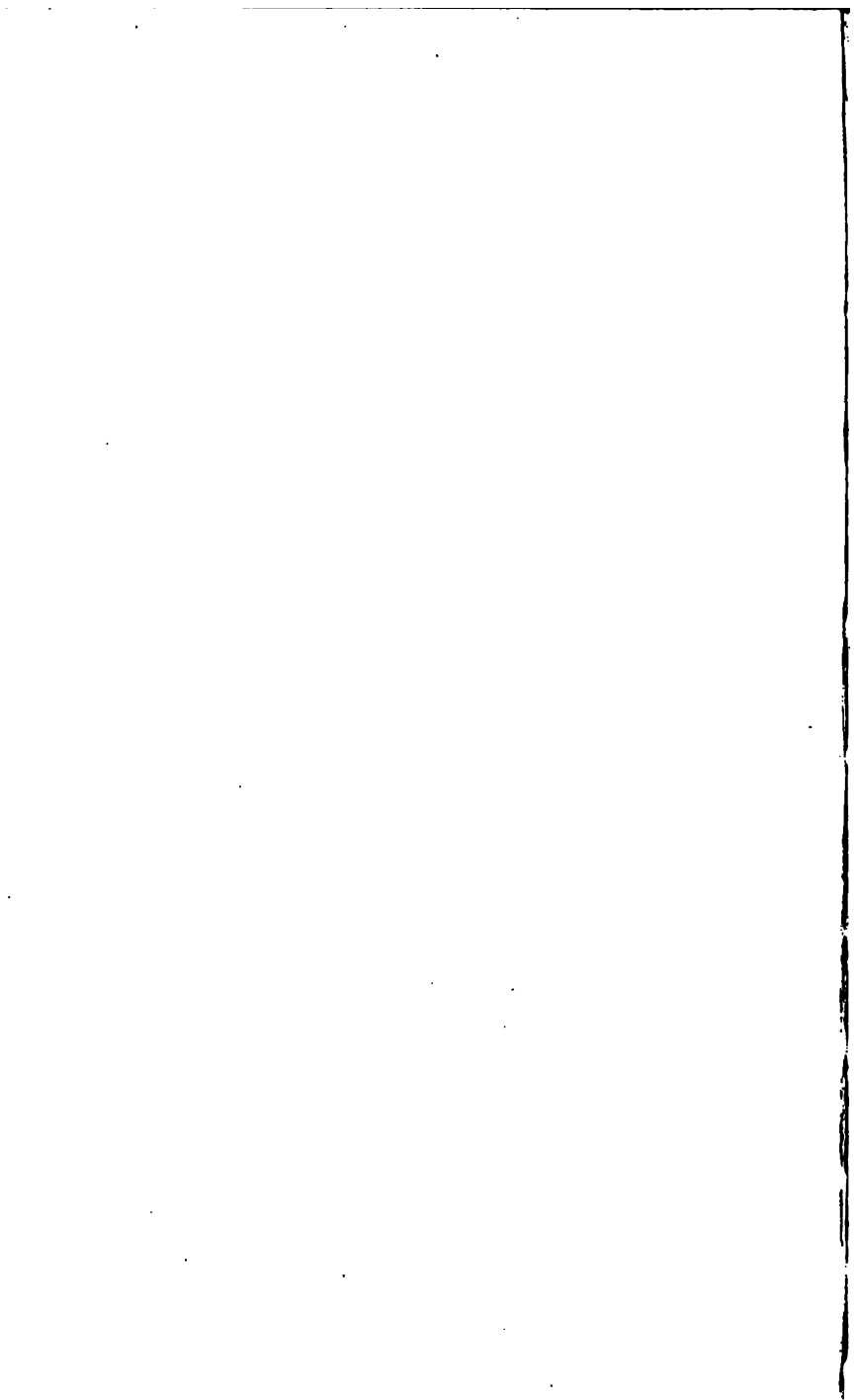
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LETTERS  
OF  
EDWARD CHIPMAN GUILD

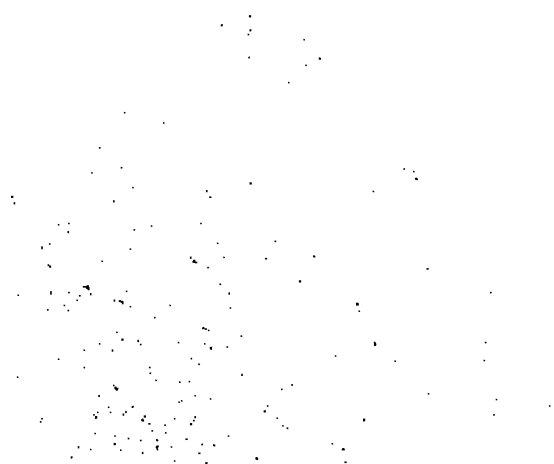














L E T T E R S  
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O F  
EDWARD CHIPMAN GUILD  
1832—1899



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## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

**E**DWARD CHIPMAN GUILD was born in Brookline, Massachusetts, on the odd day, February 29th, 1832. His father was Benjamin Guild, his mother Eliza Eliot, and from both of them he inherited those refined and elevated tastes which come in perfection only through generations of high thinking and feeling. He was the sixth generation from John Guild of Glasgow, who came to Dedham in 1636, Edmund Quincy who came to Boston in 1633, Rev. Henry Flynt who came to Boston in 1635, and Governor Thomas Dudley.

At his father's house he was surrounded by an atmosphere of culture and refinement, the visitors there being the distinguished men and women of the day. A few quotations from the reminiscences of his childhood, which he began to write shortly before his death, will give an idea of the influences with which he came in contact.



“ There were three influences which led to my forming the habit of desultory reading which has lasted all my life. One was that my father assisted William Crosby in establishing himself as a bookseller in Boston, and I was permitted to take any book from the counter and read and return it as if it had been a circulating library.

“ Another was the free use of Mr. Ticknor’s<sup>1</sup> library. A blank-book was placed on his study table and we young folks were allowed to take what we pleased, entering our names and the title of the book in the record book.

“ Another was the use of the Athenæum Library.

“ The Library was not so much used then as now. Old Mr. Bass was Librarian, and at one time a young English boy, Fisher Keeler, was employed there, with whom some of us who frequented the Library formed an alliance, and we used to play marbles with him on the floor of the long alcoves, where we were rarely interrupted by any older person. . . .

“ Another incident which helped to give me a taste for poetry was a gift from my aunt, Mrs. Ticknor, of a prettily bound copy of Wordsworth’s ‘Excursion’ which would go into my

<sup>1</sup> His uncle, George Ticknor, LL.D.

pocket. I had at this time a small camp-chair which I used to put under my arm, and go off by myself and read Wordsworth under a tree. I was too young to understand much of it, but the big words and the stately rhythm had a fascination for me. No doubt there was a good deal of affectation about it all, and I was in real danger of becoming a prig. But if there is in a boy any touch of conceit and insincerity, it is at least something that it should be turned in the direction of high ideals and pure standards of taste. What was at first very largely affectation became, as my mind matured, a genuine and sincere love of poetry and literature.

“Another influence which acted in the same direction came from Mr. T. W. Higginson — Cousin Wentworth, as we all called him — who was employed as a sort of private tutor by the families of Mr. Stephen Perkins and Mr. Stephen Higginson, and whose instruction I was permitted to share. He used to set us, as copies in our writing books, lines of Tennyson and other poets. By constant repetition, they became very familiar and helped to form my ear for verse.

“I must not forget to mention also mother’s patience in teaching us hymns and sacred poems on Sunday. Thompson’s ‘Hymns to the Seasons,’

Milton's Hymns in 'Paradise Lost,' and the 'Ode to the Nativity' I learned by heart. . . .

"The first literary effort of my own which I remember, was produced while we were still at Singletree, Brookline, before I was able to write myself. It was dictated to various members of the family. It was a novel entitled 'The Blue-eyed Family,' and consisted chiefly of an enumeration of the various articles of food consumed by this fortunate family at successive meals.

"Mr. Longfellow used to be often at our house at this time, and took a kindly interest in my efforts. But he rather put a check upon them by proposing as a title for my next product, 'Spurwink the Haberdasher.' I was impressed by the sonorous title, but as I had no idea what a haberdasher was, I made no attempt to carry out his suggestion."

When in later years we find him giving a course of lectures on Lyrical Poetry at the Lowell Institute, we are not surprised, but, remembering these early experiences, feel that the child was indeed father of the man.

Among the visitors at his father's house was Dr. Channing, whose church the family attended, and by whom the young Edward was baptized.

The fervor and enthusiasm which characterize a Christian denomination in the first years of its existence, enhanced by personal intercourse with the saintly and spiritual Channing, must have formed a large part of the influence which surrounded the boy's childhood, and which in later years led to the choice of his profession.

He was educated by private tutors and at private schools in Boston, and was graduated from Harvard College in 1853, in the same class with his cousin, Charles W. Eliot.

The following year he studied for his profession with Rev. Rufus Ellis and Rev. Frederic Huntington, and then at the Andover Theological Seminary and at the Harvard Divinity School, from which he was graduated in 1857. He was ordained at Meadville, Sept. 22, 1859, and his first settlement was over the Unitarian church at Marietta, Ohio. Here he married Miss Emma M. Cadwallader.

He was settled at Canton, Massachusetts, from 1861 to 1866, then two years at Ithaca, three years at Baltimore, and seven years at Waltham. In 1878 Mrs. Guild went to Germany with their two daughters, Eliza and Emma Rosalie (Lily and Rose), and Mr. Guild was also there for some years after leaving Waltham.

In 1884 he returned to this country, and was settled at Brunswick, Maine, for nearly ten years. He preached afterwards at Pembroke, Barnstable, and Pittsfield. He died in Boston, Nov. 6, 1899.

Dr. Andrew P. Peabody once said that he thought the success of a minister was not to be measured by the number of people he could draw by his eloquence, but by the smaller number of those whom he had really helped to higher and nobler lives. Judged by this standard Mr. Guild stood very high in his profession. He was never in any sense a popular preacher, but to many his words were an un-failing help to the life of the spirit, and his influence over many of his hearers was strong and enduring. And this influence always extended beyond the bounds of his parish.

This was particularly the case in Brunswick, where he entered heartily into the life of the town, and where he belonged to a literary club of the Bowdoin Professors and their wives, and directed the reading of various clubs of girls.

But perhaps not in the pulpit was his best work done. The friendships which he formed in each place where he was settled were continued long after his connection with the parish there was severed, and no one can tell the amount of

good he did through his letters; helping some of those to whom he wrote to a love and appreciation of our best writers in both prose and poetry; showing to those in sorrow and trouble the way to that "peace which passeth understanding;" and even by the way he had of idealizing his friends, helping to keep them up to the highest of which they were capable. In the hope that still others may catch something of his uplifting influence this volume of his letters is printed.

ELIZABETH J. WORCESTER.

JOHN A. BELLOWES.

ALICE REYNOLDS KEYES.







Brunswick June 10<sup>th</sup> 1887

251 Dear Alice

We are delighted at the prospect of seeing you, and are all ready to agree to the time that is most convenient for you. I hope you can come by the 12<sup>th</sup> or 18<sup>th</sup> so as to be here on Tuesday, it is Baccalaureate Sunday, & I have but one service, so that you could hear the Pres<sup>t</sup> in the afternoon. During the following week I suppose Rue will have much less invitation, but that need make no difference in to us, we can wander off without her - I got through with my book last Friday - i.e. the last pages of "Text", were struck off - Now we must wait for over 30 pages of adventure meant to be set up - also the maps have not come yet. Then the binding is to be done - but I feel sure we shall get it out before Commencement. I preached for Dr. Will last Sunday - Mrs. Worcester is there & I had a very pleasant visit -

Run mile per. off any day between  
the 24<sup>th</sup> & 27<sup>th</sup> according to con-  
venience. Mrs Owen is with us  
now. but the girls do not come  
till July 2<sup>d</sup> - so that she will have  
about a week to fix up for them  
we have done some house cleaning  
so that she will not have much to  
do. I am to keep my room here  
all summer. I am glad you  
are to have such a nice long visit  
from Hattie. I am counting upon  
seeing a good deal of Wm Packard  
who is to be at Bath this summer  
I have been "off" already 17 times  
on expeditions by horse or foot, and  
mean to keep it up all summer.  
I hope to make Bath a starting  
point, & have Packard for a com-  
panion. Give much love to  
Priscilla. And be sure to come -

Yr affectionate friend  
Edward C. Guild



LETTERS  
OF  
EDWARD C. GUILD

---

TO MISS ALICE REYNOLDS.

WALTHAM, Dec. 10, 1878.

MY DEAR MISS REYNOLDS:

I CAN conceive of nothing so delightful as the prospect you so kindly hold out to me of permitting me to share your pleasure in the hours of reading which you are able to secure from your busy life this winter. People have different ideas of fun according to temperament and circumstances; at present my notion of "the best fun in the world" is to have the privilege of reeling off yards of talk about books to some appreciative and intelligent person, and I don't think it has often been your luck to give more pleasure than your note to me has given.

I am sure the best way to read with limited time is to take a very small and carefully marked field and work it very thoro'ly. The first thing to be done then is to select the field, and the prime requisite is that it should be one *you* can enter on with enthu-

siasm. I shall send you two papers of mine on the study of poetry, asking your attention on this point of "enthusiasm" to the last half of paper No. 2. I do not think in amateur work of this sort that there is any use in reading what you are not heartily interested in. The moment the interest flags the whole thing should be dropped and something else sought for, into which one can enter with sustained enthusiasm. To avoid such failure let me beg you to be deliberate in selection.

From what you said the other night about Spanish literature, I suppose we may at once limit ourselves to English; you do not care to go outside of that, even thro' translations. Then the question comes, shall it be History with literature as illustrative, or Literature with history as illustrative. That you must decide. If you say History then run over "Green's Short History of the English People," select a single chapter and devote the winter to finding out all you can about the period and the events comprised within that chapter. I send Joseph Allen's introductory lecture on the study of Christian History because it is so full of good suggestions as to methods of study, equally applicable to any period or nation. There would be no need of your reading any dull or heavy books. I should propose that we keep entirely within the limits of what may be learned thro' bright, short, readable books and essays.

If you should say Literature, then run over T. Arnold's little sketch of English Literature and in the same fashion select a chapter there, and it will

be easy and delightful to throw light on it from all directions. But better yet would it be if you could hit on a single author and stick to him till you have exhausted the subject. There is now, you know, what is called a "Johnson Revival;" if you felt inclined, a whole winter might well be spent on him and his friends and contemporaries. Or take a great poet, Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, Wordsworth, and making him a centre, work out into the literature of his period, both prose and poetry, and so into history thro' the memoirs of prominent men. Or take, as I did with my class in Ithaca for whom the two papers I send you were prepared, a school or set of poets like the Lake poets and read all that is to be found about them. You get in this way a feeling of intimacy with the modes of thought and feeling of a writer which gives much of the pleasure of personal friendship; and when afterwards you meet with any quotation or reference to him, it brightens the spirit like an unexpected meeting with some one whom you love. But I end as I began, I cannot make a selection for you, out of the whole cloth, because everything depends on your working with personal enthusiasm; you must tell me what line to start and then I will ask no more questions, but simply send books as fast as you return them. I should be delighted to get long letters from you, but don't think it necessary to write; just send me a postal with "Green, Chap. VII" or "Arnold, Chap. VIII" or "Spenser" or "Wordsworth" on it and I shall understand. I send the circular and report of the Studies at Home Society, with which I dare say you

are already familiar. I am vain eno' to think that I can do better for you than they could, considering the small amount of time at your disposal. They require work, I undertake merely to furnish entertainment. I am delighted that you had a good time the other night, but you could not have enjoyed it more than I did. You cannot come again too soon. I shall look eagerly for good sleighing.

Very truly yours,

E. C. GUILD.

WALTHAM, Dec. 11th, 1878.

MY DEAR MISS REYNOLDS:

You see what you have brought upon yourself by giving me permission to write to you on literary themes. It is as if you had pulled the string of a shower bath and let the spattering drops come down upon you — or as if your voice had started an avalanche and brought the white sheet of snow down on your devoted head. I shall be impatient until I get a word from you to set me going in some definite line. Till then my head is full of projects.

I. A very interesting course might be laid out for studying certain cotemporary poets who have a sort of kinship to one another. Matthew Arnold, Clough, William Morris, Swinburne, and D. G. Rossetti. To compare their works as poets and as critics is a very entertaining thing. Arnold's work is equally valuable in both lines. Swinburne has done some admirable things as a critic, but his book on Blake is very poor. To study their religious attitude; to trace the effect of classical studies upon their poetry; to see

the effect they have had upon one another, and the influence of their immediate predecessors; to read the criticisms their works have elicited in various quarters; to watch the different phases of their literary development, and in some perhaps their decline, might occupy a few months pleasantly.

II. I should like very much to go over again certain of the lyric poets of the seventeenth century. George Herbert, Henry Vaughan, Southwell, Crashaw, Sir Philip Sidney, Herrick, and Ben Jonson. There is a freshness of feeling and a perfection of style about them that has never reappeared in English Literature.

III. I have long wanted to make a study of the recurrence in English Literature of certain well-known classical themes. Hero and Leander (Marlowe, seventeenth century, Tom Hood, nineteenth century), Perseus and Andromeda (Charles Kingsley), Ulysses and Penelope (Tennyson, Robert Buchanan), Prometheus and Agamemnon, etc., etc. Not translations, you see, but independent use of well-known themes. I have never gathered any material for this, but there is enough of it right at hand, and it would be a very entertaining piece of critical work.

IV. A most delightful work would be to make a study of English scenery and local life by counties. To a certain extent we are all familiar with the connection of certain authors with certain regions—Charlotte Brontë with Yorkshire; Mrs. Gaskell with Manchester; Wordsworth with Westmoreland; Tom Hughes with Berkshire, etc., etc.; but a full list has never been made that I know of. The merest



hint is given in Winsor's "Chronological List of Historical Fiction." But we might get out a little pamphlet that would go far ahead of his, and prove serviceable and entertaining to the frequenters of the Concord and the Waltham Public Libraries.

But it occurs to me that I am likely to bewilder you with the multiplicity of my schemes and I will stop. What I want to secure is that I may hit on something to which you will say: "*That's* just the thing." I wait with trembling eagerness, like a horse at the starting of a race, for you to say the word "Go."

Yours very truly,

EDWARD C. GUILD.

WALTHAM, Dec. 13th, 1878.

I DON'T think I bewildered you much by my array of plans, or that you have failed to make a sufficiently decided selection. Your sympathetic nature enabled you to detect what I should like best to take up, and quietly to let your choice fall there.

Literature, using History for illustration, then, it is to be; with a special leaning to the lyric poets of the seventeenth century, and an endeavor even at that early period to connect our authors with the scenery of the counties where they dwelt, or which they described. We'll take Sir Philip Sidney to begin with, and I'll send you a capital essay on his life and poetry reprinted in the *Living Age*. I find the old numbers of the *Living Age* a perfect treasure-house of literary material. Read all you can about him in Green. I

will send you presently the "Defence of Poesy." I think the story of his love for Lady Rich one of the most noble, most pathetic, and most inspiring in all literature. But instead of expatiating here, I may as well send you half a dozen pages out of my lecture on sonnets. You see, now that you have fallen into my little trap, you will be likely to get (piecemeal) the substance of my lectures. These sonnets will give you a foretaste of what is to come when you get hold of Sidney's writings. As a general thing I do not think it a good plan to read criticisms or even memoirs before reading the poem of an author himself, but this time I guess it will do no harm.

Let us be sure we've got the right scheme before we go ahead far. In all such work, I maintain what we do without enthusiasm is worse than wasted. But I will not doubt — not even if you have read some old fusty article about Sidney which made you pronounce him an old bore — for I know I can convince you that he was a man whom it is an honor and a help to such as you and me to be permitted to know so intimately and to associate with on tenderest feelings and our best aspirations, so closely as we may by loving and reverent study of his writings.

Yours very truly,

E. C. GUILD.

WALTHAM, December 17, 1878.

MY DEAR MISS REYNOLDS:

WHAT a night I have to thank you for! a night with Sir Philip Sidney! I came out from Boston at eight, and now as the clock strikes twelve I lay down Mr.

Grosart's precious volume, having read it through. Every time I read it I feel as if I must be a better man henceforth for having held communion with such a noble heart. I do not need to add any words of mine to Mr. Grosart's clear and loving presentation of the story. You will perhaps not care to read even the "Astrophel and Stella" quite through from beginning to end (and the rest is greatly inferior to *that*), but this at least you should do,—in reading Mr. Grosart's Essay look up and read in its place every sonnet or other passage to which he makes reference; so you will weave the poems into the story and attain a quite sufficient knowledge of the book. But I half believe you will be so delighted then with what you have read that you will want to read it all over again, and read it in order as it stands. There are some of the sonnets which are dull and seemingly devoid of present interest, but they are few; many, which you read nearly through with a doubt if you are spending your time profitably, are redeemed and glorified by the closing line. And my opinion is that there are few books that grow upon one so much by frequent perusal. You *do* need to become familiar with the style and to wear off by custom the fine impression of ruggedness and artificial modes of thought and expression. But when you get so accustomed to the mode, which belongs to the time, that you no longer notice it, then you find and feel the life and pathos that is beneath. I hope you will like Mr. Grosart; he is garrulous and diffuse; he is fussy and odd; but he has a true heart. For myself, I fairly *love* him. You will not need to read all his talk about editions,

but SS III & IV of his Essay you should read twice, first with your head and then with your heart. The second volume contains two poems from the "Arcadia," and is to me entirely disappointing. I do not find in it a single page which I value. Don't you wish we had the quarto edition with the illustrations? In the second volume are four views at Penshurst. I have never seen this edition — but live in hope. Mr. Grosart's notes I consider very valuable — much better than Mr. Mark Pattison's on Pope or Mr. Christie's on Dryden — though not so fine and rare and delicate as Mr. Palgrave's on Herrick. I speak of those which happen to have been lately in my hands. You will not need to read every note, but turn over the pages and read those which promise by their length to be most interesting. I do not want to overwhelm you with books, but if you would like to see the books referred to by Mr. Grosart, such as Spenser's "Astrophel" and Matthew Roydon's "Elegiac," the "Arcadia Poems," Trench's "Household Book of Poetry," Macdonald's "Antiphon," please say so, and they shall be at once forwarded. Only keep in mind ever my fundamental maxim: don't read on with a thing after your enthusiasm is gone — as long as you *want to*, keep on with Sidney, and I shall rejoice to supply fresh material, but the moment you feel as if you were *done with him* — let me know and we will pass on to something else.

WALTHAM, Dec. 19, 1878.

. . . . .  
I BEG you to remember that there is no haste; an enthusiasm for letters that is worth anything will bear delay and maintain itself, keen and vigorous, in spite of all sorts of obstacles. If you can get to know thoroughly two authors this winter, and learn to love them, and to draw into your own heart the deep draught of joy, the invigorating "sweetness and light" that are to be had of them, you ought to be satisfied. . . .

WALTHAM, Jan. 3d, 1879.

. . . . .  
THE Article on Sir Philip Sidney in Littell's is by Henry Kingsley. I did not happen to learn the fact until a few days ago or I should have told you when I sent it, as I think it adds much to one's interest in reading to have some knowledge of the author. Have you ever read any of his novels? There are a lot in your Library, and when the summer days are come, or when you have a bad cold, and cannot read anything more serious, I recommend them to you. I suppose him to be the brother of Charles Kingsley, but found little reference to him in the Memoir, — indeed, I do not recollect any reference. I have seen the volume of "Sir Philip Sidney's Miscellaneous Writings with Life" by W. Gray, which is in your Library, and (though I have not read it) I advise you to get it and see what it amounts to — it is brief and pleasant looking. I will send Mr. Stigand's Essay

to-morrow, when I take back the "Garner." It is not a very important paper, but I rather want you to see it because I want you to be interested in Mr. Stigand and prepared, some time when you are reading in a different direction, to like his "Life of Heine," which I have found a most fascinating book.

I have had no luck yet in finding illustrations. I spent an hour at the Athenæum on Monday over the English county histories, — the first attempt I have made, — and found nothing interesting; some poor woodcuts of Penshurst only. But as I get leisure I shall follow it up, and hope bye and bye to tell you that I have found many entertaining things.

. . . . .

WALTHAM, Jan. 19th, 1879.

MY DEAR MISS REYNOLDS:

I WAS grieved to get such sad news from you last night. It must have been doubly hard to bear the loss after having had such reasonable hope of recovery. And yet if one takes in the whole range of spiritual existence into the scope of his thought and sympathy, it seems a little less hard. How the mother must rejoice to have the darling with her once more! Closely as she may have been watching him, and tenderly as she may have been helping him all these last weeks and months, yet surely there must be in her heart a deep unspeakable gladness to have him with her in the land where pain and sin and death can come no more. And if we can let our thoughts rise higher still, and dare to feel that the Heavenly Father invites us to try to enter into sympathy with Him,

.

how can we help believing that in His heart is peace, because all that He has done has been well and wisely and lovingly done, and His beautiful purpose has been carried out in the way that seemed to Him best, and if we will let Him, I am sure He will show us in His own good time the beauty of it, if we will keep our hearts still and truthful. Though indeed I do not suppose that in this life we can see why little children need to suffer, I'm sure there is a good and loving reason, but I doubt if we can ever get hold of it till we come to look over from the other side at human life, and see it all in the light of heaven. Mean time we have got ample assurance enough of the infinite love of God to be able to trust Him utterly even when His ways are quite mysterious and inexplicable to us. And this we can do (and it will be one way to make it possible for God to get nearer to us and teach us the meaning of his dealings with us) : we can draw closer to one another in affectionate sympathy, can afford one another strength and support by loving and earnest affirmations of faith, can make the tie of human brotherhood so strong, alike in grief and joy, that it becomes a very key to the love of God. Please give my kindest regards to Mr. Keyes, and believe me with sincerest sympathy

Very truly your friend,

E. C. GUILD.

WALTHAM, Jan. 22d, 1879.

I HOPE the sharpness of your grief for little Roger is passing away, and that the clear conviction of God's

unfailing love and goodness, which lives on deep in our hearts amid all changes of feeling, is rising into its due place in your heart and bringing peace. You will not forget him or cease to grieve for him, but you will come, bye and bye, to trust him cheerfully to God as to one who loves him better than any one else can, and who will do for him more loving and tender things than our hearts can imagine.

Very truly your friend,

E. C. GUILD.

WALTHAM, Jan. 24, 1879.

MY DEAR MISS REYNOLDS:

OF course, I can only be very glad and grateful if anything I have said in any of my notes to you should afford the least consolation to the hearts that must be sorrowing so keenly for the death of the little boy. And I thank you for trusting me, and making any use of my expressions of sympathy which your own kind heart prompted. Indeed I do believe that the utterance of sympathy and the affirmation of faith must always help in some degree; and we never know how dearly we care for each other, nor how strong our convictions are, until the power of affection and of faith is tested by suffering. It seems a wise appointment in our very natures, that the more we suffer, the more we love one another and lean together upon God.

. . . . .



WALTHAM, Jan. 29, 1879.

Do you know you quite frightened me with your phrase "I want to tell you how unhappy I am." My heart stopped a minute with inexpressible anxiety. So many people are unhappy, — and I did n't think you were, — and I don't want you to be; and I wondered dimly what it could be about. And then when I saw in your good generous handwriting "The Lowell Railroad," I fairly laughed with relief and satisfaction.

Don't think, though, that I am mocking at your woe; I know it is a real grief, and I think I can sympathize with it, though it is not quite so dreadful as the dire forebodings which your first words called up. It is a real unhappiness to have the scenes amidst which our brightest days have been spent rudely mutilated and distorted. You know Wordsworth's Sonnets about the Kendal and Windermere Railway, and how, too, in his "Nutting" he had a sense of compunction for ruin which himself had wrought: —

"I felt a sense of pain when I beheld  
The silent trees and saw the intruding sky."

But I have such faith in the healing power of nature that I never feel these regrets long. I know that in a few months or years the grass will grow over the scars and rents which the spade has made, and the trees will find their way to symmetry again, and the eye will become accustomed to the new aspect of

things, and we shall find that there is so much beauty left that we have no room in our joyful hearts for murmuring or complaint. Indeed I question whether Mr. Wordsworth has not spoiled his own case by talking of the "*intruding sky*." Isn't it nature's way of readjustment and compensation, that when we lose the green we win the blue, where we miss the shade we may rejoice in the shine.

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WALTHAM, Feb. 12, 1879.

MY DEAR MISS REYNOLDS:

You will find Disraeli's "Amenities of Literature" worth looking at. In the first place, now, that the son has risen from "a poor Jew-boy" to be Earl of Beaconsfield, it is rather interesting to see what the father was. Then with two such instances of bad style in writing English before you as Mr. St. John and Sir Robert Schomburgh, it may be interesting to look at a very different one, which I should say was on the whole much worse than either. Indeed it is impressive to see how many celebrated writers wrote in a style that cannot be commended. It is almost time for us to be hunting up some writers of true, pure, good prose to keep our heads level and our taste sound. We shall find such a one perhaps in Lord Bacon, whose purely literary work we must not omit to read in our review of the Elizabethan writers.

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WALTHAM, March 19th, 1879.

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As to literature, please don't ever get a hurried and impatient feeling; the field is limitless, and it is pleasant to think that we may climb this little hill-top, or wander down that shady wood-path, and be sure that if we cannot go further to-day it will be just as charming and inviting one year hence, or twenty years hence, bright with perennial sunshine, and sweet with undying fragrance. Of course life is more than letters, and we ought always to feel glad that there is so much *to do* that we are not permitted to spend ourselves in merely thinking, feeling, reading, and imagining. Surely action is what we came into the world for, and the rest is merely refreshment and preparation, and ought to be brief always, and never encroach upon higher realities.

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WALTHAM, March 21, 1879.

MY DEAR MISS REYNOLDS:

I DON'T think we ought to reproach or blame ourselves for want of faith. It is a gift to be waited for, prepared for, prayed for, a gift sure to be bestowed upon the humble waiting spirit. But if it is not yet ours, it does not necessarily follow that we are to blame. You have, I am sure, those positive convictions, those affirmations of the intellect out of which faith grows. You cannot be stupid enough, in the face of all the love and joy and blessing with which the world is filled, in the face of all the clear evidence

of the elevating and purifying power of suffering, to doubt that a good and loving God rules all things. But to give this conviction such sway in the heart, to make it live in the affections as it does in the intellect, must be the work of time, and we must be patient while God through His providence slowly educes it in us. To have the heart so full of His love and the clear sense of His presence not only with ourselves, but with those dear to us, — those who suffer, those over whom we bend in an agony of suspense, — that we can be calm and cheerful and trusting all the time, we must not exact this of ourselves at once. Amid the storms of anxiety and sorrow we must fall back on the firm ground of our convictions and let surface feelings have their way for a while, and then the light will come back and the storm will pass, and there will be peace and a triumphant sense of the omnipotence of love at last. Then I do not think we need hold ourselves always to a strict readiness beforehand for the worst that may come to pass. You have the right method when you “do not plan for anything but to-day;” that is what God mercifully means for us, and we need not go through the agony of conquering death before it comes; only I think we are happier when at last we can win such a high, clear trust in God as to realize that nothing can happen to the soul that is in His guidance but what has a blessed side, — an opening, somehow, through which we may get nearer to Him; that death itself is, after all, the soul’s only way to heaven, — it can never come too soon, — for it comes at God’s time, which is the right, the best time.

Thank you very much for writing. My heart is full of sympathy for you and those whom you love.

Your affectionate friend,

EDWARD C. GUILD.

WALTHAM, April 16th, 1879.

MY DEAR MISS REYNOLDS:

YOUR note came to me last evening. I can read your sorrow through the lines, and understand how your heart cries out for sympathy. How one longs sometimes for the power to gather up another's grief, and take it into one's own heart, and bear it all and let them go free. But God does not let us do that; with the Apostle's injunction, "Bear you one another's burdens," He couples the counter assertion, "Every man shall bear his own burden." We may help each other by sharing the grief, and renewing the strength and courage of sorrowing hearts by sympathy; but still the sorrow is there, and cannot be lifted off, and the burden must be borne by each which God has laid upon him. But there is the true comfort, that He who appointed the burden can give, and will give the needed strength to bear it, and that if we keep near Him we shall learn at last to trust Him, and to see the beauty and tenderness of His ways so clearly that we shall be at peace, and confident even though He lets things happen that seem to us very strange and inexplicable. If we can only come, through living the eternal life so into sympathy with God that we can feel the life that now is — here in the flesh — quite one with the life to come after death, if we can only come to understand how thin the veil is which parts

the two, I think it will be easier to bear bereavement. When it is only such a little while before we ourselves, and all whom we love, shall be together again in that new life, it surely is not so very significant a matter which goes first. Eagerly, longingly we look forward for ourselves; we realize in our own case that "to die is gain," why not for others then? and all the more when we can feel so assuredly that the very day and hour, the very mode and circumstance comes to each one, just as God wills it; for not all human wills, nor all elemental forces, have power to thwart His purposes. Over it all His tender watch, His loving thought, His paternal care, His infinite sympathy and compassion incessantly keep guard, directing, controlling, guiding to blessedness. But you know all this, and feel it as clearly as I do, only for a little while your eyes are blinded with tears, and you cannot see it plainly. Have patience, and the light and confidence and peace will come. I wish I could show you how truly I feel for you, but words are so thin and poor. Perhaps, as I read the cry for help that sounded so pathetically behind the words of your note, you will be able to read in mine the longing of my heart to comfort and strengthen you.

Your affectionate friend,

E. C. GUILD.

WALTHAM, MAY 20th, 1879.

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I HAVE come to that time of life when I have learned not to fret or give way to disappointment. I have

come to have great confidence in the future. The sweet, bright hopes that make one's heart glad, somehow, live on and shine for me day after day, although they do not get a very prompt fulfilment.

There shall be other dawns as lovely as this; and after them fair days, and the way for my steps to find you shall not be shut, and why should I be in haste. Nay, my assurance of the future is so full and strong, that I said the other day to a friend whom I have not seen for more than a year: "Never mind; I know that, take the next hundred years together, there shall be much glad fellowship and helpful sympathy for us, and I am willing to wait." I know not why we should not let the joyous hope of eternity brighten and gladden our daily lives.

But for the occasion to which my hope had turned to-day, instead of the next hundred years, I may say the next hundred days. Only think how much beauty, sunshine and color and soft airs and songs of birds they hold for us! And songs of poets, too!

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WALTHAM, May 28th, 1879.

MY DEAR MISS REYNOLDS:

At last I have recalled — what, I wonder I should for a moment have forgotten — the one thing I ought to have put into your hands first of all, in beginning your acquaintance with Spenser, viz.: "Christopher North's Essays." I am not in general an admirer of Wilson; I cannot read the "Notes;" after repeated attempts I have finally given it up; the "Recreations" bore me, but the Essays on

Spenser, on Homer, and on the "Greek Anthology" I thoroughly like. If I had a few hundred dollars to throw away I should like to publish an edition of these Essays on Spenser with an introduction and notes of my own.

His love and veneration for Spenser, his enthusiastic delight in him are contagious, and his hearty way of pointing out the beauties he admires is very winning. There is yet one more number than these contained in the volumes I send you, but I had other books out, and could not read it at the time. I will send it bye and bye. I send "Dean Church's Memoir," although I have not thoroughly read it, because I think I have made out clearly enough that it is a book to be trusted and liked. Please accept and read at your leisure. I send my "Essay on Spenser," and also, at the risk of boring you, and for the chance of amusing you, my old notes of twenty years ago; there are seventeen sheets; don't feel compelled to read them unless you find them entertaining. I send Lowell that you may read it at leisure, and not have to return it at a fixed time to your own library.

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WALTHAM, July 13, 1879.

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I WANT you to get some idea of the dramatists of the Elizabethan time, — the men whose plays Sidney and Raleigh and Spenser saw, the group of which Shakespeare was one, but amid which he stands so entirely alone. A definite idea of the characteristics of each



you can hardly reach. Mr. Kingsley's "Essay on Plays and Puritans" will have shown you how much there is in the works of all of them you would not care to read. So you will know them most naturally as a group, and the characteristics of the group you will easily discern. Lamb's two volumes, Leigh Hunt's three volumes, Mr. Lowell's little volume (now out of print), and the four articles from the Cornhill on Chapman, Marlowe, Heywood, and Massinger will be as much as you will care to read, and will be enough to give you a clear idea of the general traits marking this whole set of writers. So that when you meet the name of any one of them you will feel that you know where to place him. I would read these six volumes somewhat consecutively, or about the same time, not beginning on them until you are ready, and not reading much else (i. e., in the way of English Literature) till you have done with them.

But, please, above all things, don't feel hurried by the quantity of things I send you; both poetry and criticism ought to be read with a quiet mind and not in haste. Good-bye.

Faithfully your friend,

EDWARD C. GUILD.

BROOKLINE, Mar. 13, 1880.

MY DEAR MISS ALICE:

I HAVE been greatly entertained this morning by an article in the March number of the *Nineteenth Century*, which has just come, by James Payn; it

is such a capital lesson in independence of judgment on literary subjects. Go to the Library as soon as you can and read it; it will not take you fifteen minutes. I was especially reminded of you by what he says about Spenser, and especially pleased by what he says of Leigh Hunt's criticisms, and especially amused by what he says about John Gilpin and the Mad Dog. I confess, I aim for myself more at "catholicity," or the power to find good in everything in which anybody else has found it, than at "independence" or the power to maintain my own judgment whether favorable or unfavorable against that of others. I want to increase rather than limit my powers of enjoyment. I am always sorry for the people who have "limitations," who cannot like Spenser or oysters as much as I do. I think of them as subject to a disease, and I want to cure them if I can. But I agree with Mr. Payn that the dogmatic method — stuffing things down their throats — is not the way to cure them. So I aim when any one permits me the privilege of helping in the choice of books, to cultivate independence of judgment. I say, if you don't like a book, don't read it, don't stick to it out of doggedness, don't read it because other people do; be independent and lay it aside at once; bye and bye, when you have read through the things that please you more now, you may come back to this, and find it looks very different. I am half sorry now that you read so much of Spenser feeling as you did, because now it is less likely that you will ever return to it. And if Herbert and Vaughan, or any of the set we are coming to, seem to you strained and arti-

ficial, and tedious (and you would have good backing if they did), do drop them at once. The sort of work we are doing is worthless, worse than worthless, unless it is heartily enjoyed and pursued with enthusiasm.

I don't consider Mr. James Payn a very authoritative writer or reliable guide; he is often confused and self-contradictory, but he is very amusing, and original, and suggestive; and for his opinions you take what *belongs to you* and leave the rest.

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On board STEAMER RHEIN, June 9, 1880.

DEAR ALICE

LAST night there was a wonderful sky at sunset; all around the horizon there seemed to be little showers, veils of rain hiding the blue; the colors were all very subdued, faint pink tingeing the soft greys, and yet very varied; the constituents of the harmony were numerous, and yet the harmony itself was absolute. It was such a sky as one only sees at sea, and beneath it the water lay still and dark.

I have not much to tell, however, of any incidents of travel. Our first two days out we had smooth water; yesterday the waves were rough, though the sun was shining, and a great many were sea-sick; to-day all is smooth again. We are making very good time; to-day we passed the remnants of an iceberg, — two great masses of ice so near together that they had evidently been one piece until recently, — indeed we could see the green ice on both at the place where they had broken apart. They were not very

high out of water, and were mostly a dead snow-white, but they seemed still quite large in surface. It gave one a striking sense of loneliness to sweep by them and leave them behind there alone on the great wide sea. We see an occasional steamer or sailing vessel, a whale blowing in the distance, a school of porpoises, and that is all.

LONDON, June 19, 1880.

I TOOK bus back to the neighborhood of my hotel — and seeing a crowd walked about a little till presently the Prince of Wales with his brother-in-law, the King of Greece, drove by — four gorgeous state carriages with mounted escort. I think one of the first things that struck me that morning was the immense number of policemen. They lined both sides the street wherever the royal party passed, and it seemed to me I must have seen thousands. Ordinarily they are as numerous as on Washington St., perhaps more so at crossings, because the current of travel here moves much more swiftly than with us, — the hansoms dash about at a great pace (though not as fast as the outside cars in Dublin). The next thing which impressed me was the absence of light. There was no fog, — no difficulty in seeing across the street — the sky was cloudy and rain fell every now and then — the sky seemed a sort of yellowish gray — you felt that the air above you was full of smoke, though there is no positive smell of smoke — but the whole effect was of something different from what we call daylight. I got back to my hotel about four, having been here six hours. I had quite got my bearings,

been to the Post Office and mailed my letters, been to the Unitarian Rooms and to the bankers, secured rooms and nodded to the Prince of Wales, so I felt quite at home.

LONDON, June 24, 1880.

TO-DAY I have been to the Zoölogical Garden to see the beast and birds. It was very entertaining but also very fatiguing. The nicest thing I saw was a red-wing who sang to me of Concord river, and I thought he knew me and recognized that I had so lately been with his brothers at home, so I went back to see him again before I left, but it was late and he did not sing any more. He was marked "Red-shouldered Starling — *Agelæus phœniceus*" — but I guess he was a genuine red-wing.

The next most delightful thing was the clouds — great masses of snowy whiteness piled one above the other. I went to the top of Primrose Hill and sat an hour enjoying them — the air was hazy, and the smoke hung over the city, but above it you could see St. Paul's and the Victoria Tower, and so get the bearing of things. To-night I go to the closing exercises at Manchester New College. Mr. Martineau and Mr. Thorn are to speak.

LONDON, June 26th, 1880.

It is hard to understand how any influence in our lives can be better and sweeter and purer than the influence of such an affection, and therefore hard to

see why it should not be permitted to go on and grow deeper and stronger and more helpful with the years. But I am willing to believe that there is an influence even better and more blessed for us than that, and that it is well for us to love the one if it help us to win the other, and that is the sense of God's love and care and nearness, the openness of our hearts to His presence and help. It would seem indeed as if we might win the one without losing the other, as if there might be more precious ways for God to draw near unto us than by sundering the tenderest and sweetest human ties. But there is nothing which so softens and opens our hearts to Him as such an experience as that through which you are passing. It is just because He enters into our experience at the point where our spirits are purest and warmest and most loving that He is able so to come into a really close contact with us. Joy, delight, often makes us selfish and shuts our spirits up to their own pleasure; but grief opens them so that God can come in with His heavenly peace, with His uplifting inspirations. And all the time, we may believe "it is well with the child," He is dealing with the spirit of His little one with all a Father's love.

MUNICH, July 29, 1880.

I CAN sympathize with your feeling about going on with all the pleasures and interests of life after the death of one who has been dear to you, almost as if nothing had happened. I have had the same feeling

about my nephew's death — not that I ever had any very close relations with him personally — but when I think of the sadness of my brother's home, and how keenly my sisters will feel it, I am almost ashamed to be so happy and merry with my dear children here. But as you say, we can do no otherwise. In our little circle here, I am the only one who would be likely to feel this death a loss, in any sense, and there is no sense or reason in my letting it throw a cloud over the lives of others. And then, for myself, the thought of death always brings a sense of freedom and triumph when I think of what has come to the soul that has entered on a new life. Rob had matured slowly in early life, and even in college was rather boyish, but the last few years have developed him rapidly, and his manliness and patience during his illness have made every one feel that he had a very noble spirit. So I like to think of him as very glad and full of new energy and power now, and the thought makes me glad, too. If one lets the coming of death among those whom one honors and cares for bring gloom and destroy cheerfulness, or even chase away merriment, one's whole life would be dark. It is perhaps more so with me than with you, because I am older, but I see plainly how miserable it would be for us all, especially for children and young people in our households, if we let our sympathy for other's sorrow, or our own personal grief, make us feel that fun and jollity must be banished for any longer time than the brief hush of reverent silence, which we do always sincerely observe.

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July 30th. — The Passion Spiel was indeed a new experience in life. I shrank from it before we decided to go — I knew there would be much that was painful to witness, and therefore the fatigue and the expense weighed more with me and made me think it best not to go. But after it was decided to go, I began to feel a more positive curiosity and interest, and now looking back, I feel quite clear that the elements in the drama which are touching, elevating, impressive are so much more in significance and in number than those that are painful that one need not shrink from it at all, but give oneself up to it with hearty trust. The very aspect of the theatre is very striking — the large platform or proscenium in front of the stage — quite open to the air — the two houses on each side, that of Annas, and that of Pilate, and further to the right and left the streets of Jerusalem — and on the right a beautiful mountain, green and dotted with trees — and on the left the Ammer that with Unter-ammergau in the distance one could sit a long time to think about the scenes that would be there enacted and study the wonderful fitness of it all. Then when the chorus come in, twenty men and women in white robes with mantles of deep, strong colors, and range themselves across the stage, all with such serious correctness and dignity — the setting of the drama seems complete. The orchestra sat below in citizens' dress, the music was admirable, never very conspicuous, no startling effects attempted, but never poor and weak, always up to a certain fairly high level of noble and sweet melody — the men's voices very good, the women's somewhat



thin and strained with singing so constantly in the open air, the music unique in quality throughout, never suggesting anything one had heard before, the gestures and movements always harmonious and graceful. I shall not undertake a detailed description of the play. The best book about it which I have seen is that by Mr. J. P. Jackson. It began at eight in the morning and lasted till half-past five, with an hour at noon for dinner. It opened with the scene of Christ's triumphal entry into Jerusalem, when he went to the Temple and drove out the money-changers, and the opening scene was one of the most effective pictures of the whole. There are over 500 persons who take part, but I suppose there may have been only two or three hundred in this scene, all dressed in vivid strong-tinted oriental costumes, and grouped without any artificial or theatrical trickery in the most harmonious way. With the exception of that scene the portion of the drama given in the morning represented Jesus mostly with his disciples, or at Bethany, and the impression was more personal and more touching than in the afternoon. It ended with the Last Supper, the scene on the Mount of Olives, and the betrayal. It was to me like a sacrament in which the whole audience of 5000 people partook, and when Josef Maier gave the elements to the disciples with so much reverence and tenderness, I could not see why it was not as fitting that he should show forth the dying of the Lord in his way through the drama, as that I should through the administering of the Communion Service. In the afternoon the character of the drama necessarily changes. The trial scene before Annas, before

Caiaphas, before Pilate, before Herod, the presence of the Roman soldiery, give a more public and historical, less private and personal tone to the whole. Then the painful features of the history, the mocking and scourging and crucifixion are inevitably distressing to witness. Yet if you once grant that such a presentation of the death of Christ is allowable at all, then, certainly it could not be done more devoutly and tenderly or with more consummate and delicate skill. The acting of the parts of Judas and Peter was wonderful. There was nothing bold and mechanical, nothing ungraceful and undignified, nothing grotesque, from beginning to end. One felt after it was over, uplifted and strengthened — only it was too long. I think if one had not had the sky and hills to look at, and the swallows and pigeons and butterflies flitting about, it would have been unendurable; but somehow, you were so perpetually reminded of God's immediate presence in nature, that you felt how he had spoken through Jesus, and was speaking again through the lives and characters as well as the artistic inspiration of these men upon the stage. The scenery at Oberammergau is very beautiful, but the most striking mountain region is behind the audience as you sit in the theatre, and concealed by the awning which protects the high-priced seats at the rear of the auditorium.

VULPERA BEI TARASP, UNTER ENGADIN,  
SCHWEIZ, Aug. 31, 1880.

THERE is a charm about the landscape at home which I miss here. I suppose that charm is largely due to

association. Silently, all my life I have been accumulating a store of feeling in connection with a certain type of scenery. It is not that a particular kind of stone-wall, or bend in the road, or a bridge over the river awakens definite memories, or recalls special times and persons to memory, but it awakens a certain state of feeling by indefinite, subtle associations. Here all is novel and strange, even after weeks of familiarity. I suppose if I were to return here next summer, I should enjoy it much more.

MUNICH, Oct. 26, 1880.

Now the aim of letter-writing I take to be to promote friendship, at least to maintain and keep alive friendship; if not to advance and deepen it, to give one another such facts as may serve to quicken sympathy, may form a basis for the action of the imagination in depicting the life of one whom we are separated from. . . .

MUNICH, Jan. 17, 1881.

I HAVE had the pleasure of hearing another of Wagner's operas, the "Götterdämmerung,"—it was again of enormous length, from six till after eleven, but every moment was crowded with beauty. The story did not please me so much as the "Siegfried." It is of course that, in depicting such a wild prehistoric age, he must present brutality and violence, and indeed no picture of human life can be true and complete without its dark side, its shadows and its sins, but

I have never been able to take pleasure in theatrical representations of crime and murder and death. I have imagination enough to enter into emotions of hope and joy and enthusiasm when put upon the stage, but when the tragic phases of life are counterfeited, it is apt to strike me as ludicrous. The play closed with three characters lying dead upon the stage (they had been lying there for half an hour while the rest sang, and one could not but wonder what they were thinking of, whether they went to sleep or were thinking of a glass of beer) and another jumped into the fire and another into the water, all five immediately after appearing before the curtain in excellent health and spirits. When I hear it again I can listen to the music without being distracted by the acting, but the first time I was interested to watch the development of the story. It is the continuation of "Siegfried." I did not find it so pleasing as that, which was all youth and innocence and hope. Next summer I hope the whole "Nibelungen Ring" will be given continuously and then one can form a much better impression of the whole. But the music is wonderful; clearly, to my thinking, the beginning of a new era in the development of the art. No composer of to-day can write without accepting the methods and form which Wagner has now made classical. He is certainly one of the greatest geniuses of our time and has created a new world of musical thought, feeling and expression. I found the music more difficult to understand as a whole — but it was full of passages of surpassing beauty.

MUNICH, April 2, 1881.

I RECEIVED this morning from Lockwood & Brooks the new volume of Thoreau. When I first opened it, I thought it must be the same bits of his diary which appeared some time ago in the Atlantic Monthly, but as I read, it seems to me altogether fresh. Do tell me if it is so. It has a tenfold value for me because it talks always about Concord—and every page seems to tell me of our days on the river and in the woods. I can echo out of my experience to-day, what he says: "At best, Paris could only be a school in which to learn to live here, a stepping-stone to Concord, a school in which to fit for this university."

Sunday. — I can hardly do anything else, or think of anything else but this book of Thoreau's. I cannot think it is at all the same with what was published in the Atlantic, for I remember often taking up those papers with eager expectation, and laying them down with a sense of disappointment. I have not yet come across a single line in the book that strikes me as if I had read it before, or a single page that seems to me uninteresting, but it may be due to the difference in the circumstances, for at home I was surrounded by books, while here I have comparatively few.

"I don't know how much I assist in the economy of nature when I declare a fact. Is it not an important fact in the history of a plant that I tell my friend where I found it?" Nay, is it not true also of the sweet and fragrant bits of literature, that I may make them brighter and dearer to my friends

by the fact that I point them out, and show that they have won my affection or awakened my admiration?

Later. — I think I can learn a good deal from Thoreau. The style of this book is just what is pleasantest for a letter. It is, to be sure, full of breaks and interruptions, it is fragmentary, yet it is not patchy; each bit has a unity of its own, and there is also a unity of the whole, according to Coleridge's definition of a poem. I have tried sometimes in writing letters to conceal the fact that I was often interrupted, and make it look as if it were all written at once, but I did not succeed; when I came back and tried to resume the dropped thread, I found my interest had waned, and the second part was greatly inferior to the first. Now perhaps I can learn to make each time a new and independent start and yet give a certain unity of feeling and of impression to the whole. I should like to immortalize the environs of Munich as Thoreau has those of Concord. The material is ample. The plain is almost as wonderful in its unique effects as the ocean or the desert. Last Tuesday we had a real spring day, and the girls and I walked out to Neuhausen, just outside the town on the street where we live. The air was soft and sweet, but there was a pretty steady wind at our backs. As we went through the village a little ball of seed vessels, like a dandelion-top, rolled for a long distance along before us. I told the girls it was a magic ball to lead us into some door to fairyland. It guided us to the entrance of a little lane and there was caught in a corner of the fence. I told Rose to pick it up and

carry it home to her kitty, but when she touched it gently it fell to pieces, it had done its work. So we followed the lane out into the open field, where the sky seemed wonderfully large and free above us. There we found an interesting old monument, very much "verwittert," the stone all eaten away by the weather. It stood quite alone in the open field where the wagon roads met. We could not decipher the inscription, for the sun shone in our eyes when we looked up at it; but we shall try again another day. Crossing the fields to enter the village by another way, we spied under the fence of the first farm-house a tuft of violets, dark blue and sweet-scented, — the first of the season; the birds sang all the way.

MUNICH, April 10, 1881.

I READ with hearty relish what he says (Thoreau's "Early Spring"). It interests me too, to see the March-thoughts of a man for twenty-three years of his life brought together in this way, and to see how genuine he was, how true to himself; for with marvellous variety there is yet a real substantial unity in it all, a fine connecting thread holding together the broken bits.

April 11th. — Yesterday afternoon we all went out to the Nymphenburger Park. It was the first sunny and inviting day since March 29 — twelve days — and we seized the chance, for to-day is again cloudy. We enjoyed the woods very much, gathering hepaticas and anemones, daisies and primroses, feeding

the swans on the canals and the lake, visiting the little rococo castle Badenburg, which has only four rooms on the main floor, but is decorated with lovely frescoes and delicate ornamentations. The soft hues of the ground, brown prevailing, green just appearing, the delicate yellow of the primroses, and the purplish blue of the hepaticas mingling harmoniously, made me think of Thoreau. Coming back, the long lines of cold gray clouds gathered again over the sky.

## TO PRESCOTT KEYES.

MUNICH, June 22, 1881.

DEAR PRESCOTT:

I HAVE just been reading what the *Nation* says about the "Œdipus" and have found it very interesting. I think the performance of the "Œdipus" must make quite an era in the history of classical studies at Harvard. We were just beginning in 1853 to understand that a Greek play was something more than an exercise to get marks on. We read the "Agamemnon" with a certain degree of enthusiasm. Charles Blake and I used to read "Aristophanes" together "for fun." But very few of us made our Greek so fast that it did not all drop off by the time we had been half a dozen years out of college. I should judge, however, that nearly all the men who have taken part in the "Œdipus" would feel a pride for the rest of their lives in keeping up knowledge enough to criticize those who shall do the like afterwards. I



was glad to see that the musical critic of the *Nation* did *not* say, as he of the *Boston Journal* did, that Mr. Paine's music recalled specific passages of Wagner. I know Mr. Paine is a devoted student of Wagner, but his familiarity with Wagner would be likely to preserve him from any such mistakes. Wagner himself takes airs from other composers with entire freedom, and so it might be allowable for Paine to take airs from him in writing a modern opera, but I should think nothing could be more out of place in the music to a Greek play than reminiscences of modern opera.

Alice has been very generous and good in writing steadily on to me in the weeks when I have been silent. In these present weeks — so busy and full for you both — full of joy and of promise — as well as full of bustle and activity — I shall not expect to hear so often. But after you are once launched on married life, and settled for your vacation in some charming summer place, I shall hope to catch an echo of your happiness across the sea.

With much love to you both,

I am very truly your friend,

EDWARD C. GUILD.

MUNICH, Nov. 4, 1881.

THIS evening I have been reading the "Maine Woods" aloud to my girls. Currier says Thoreau was a landscape painter, and it is certainly true that he presents the features of the country through

which he travels so vividly, so minutely, that it is as if one saw it all. He is frequently talking about color, and his details are thrown in with a fine sense of proportion.

## TO ALICE REYNOLDS KEYES.

MUNICH, April 9, 1882.

I MEAN to keep on writing even if I should grow much duller than I am now, and I have great hopes that I shall not always be so dull. Impulse, enthusiasm is a great thing, without it a letter is not worth much, friendship without warmth and heartiness is pretty valueless. Yet if there come times when one's enthusiasm and heartiness decline, there is such a thing as steadfastness, such a thing as making a principle of friendship, a thing which is very valuable for bridging a gap, for tiding over an interval, until warmth and cordial impulse returns. It is as when one watches a covered fire — the coals have been raked together and hidden under the ashes — there is no blaze and little warmth — but if one only watches that it does not go out — it may be kindled next morning into a bright fresh blaze and afford again service and delight. And in the case of friendship one can never tell when some fresh breeze of feeling may blow away all the dull gray ashes and reveal a deep heart of fire within. So I am determined, however stupid I get, to keep the coals burning, and if ever a time of need should come to you, you would

find a warm sympathy ready for you, even if, in the ordinary conditions of life, I be not able to do much for your entertainment.

MUNICH, May 25, 1882.

My friend Mr. Warner is now constantly with us. I hope that he will go to Aibling with us, and if we should go to any more mild climate next winter, it is possible he could join us. He is exceedingly kind to the girls and his companionship is delightful for me.

VENICE, June 2, 1882.

DEAR ALICE:

YOUR welcome letter of May 7-10 reached Munich some days after we left and was forwarded to us here, so that I read it in a gondola, floating about in the picturesque streets of Venice. In the first aspect of the city I was a little disappointed, it all looked so small; but as I continue to live on here, the place grows upon me, and comes up to and even surpasses expectation. You see everything at first from a novel point of view; it is as if the streets of an ordinary city were dug down to the level of the cellar floor and then you were taken through them lying on your back. The seats of the gondolas are so formed that you almost inevitably slip down into a lolling easy-chair position. One would imagine that this would make the houses look very tall, and I think it may have that effect in the narrower canals, but in the Grand Canal where my sisters are, which is quite broad, and along the Riva where we are living, which is open to

the Lagoon, the effect is to make everything look small. We have had superb weather ever since we got here, a week ago yesterday, — clear skies, almost too hot, but always a good breeze, and every night a superb moon. Last night was full moon, and we were out from half-past eight till half-past ten on the Lagoon, in the full glory of the moon and then down the Grand Canal, as the moon was rising over the tops of the palaces. We have taken a gondola by the week, and my sisters have one too and we float about side by side. The gondolas are all that one's imagination had depicted. Many croaking people have said to me, "Oh! it's all humbug, they're great clumsy, dirty things, and the men are extortionate rascals." But it does not seem so to me; the boats are neat and comfortable, even luxurious and extremely picturesque, the men earnest to please, civil and modest. Our man, Vincenzo Laia, is very graceful and skilful, it is a pleasure to see him turn a corner. On Monday there was a serenade; a great barge filled up with Chinese lanterns carried the band and the gondolas surrounded it by hundreds all crowded together, but all quiet and orderly and wonderfully picturesque, the occupants reclining so low as scarcely to be seen, the "beak" or "prow" of each gondola rising high in front, and the wild-looking gondoliers standing at the extreme end of the boat, looking like old Norse vikings in the moonlight. The music is inferior here, even poorer than in Munich and less of it.

June 3rd. — The news of the death of Mr. Emerson reached us yesterday. I can well understand how full

of sorrow the hearts of his family must be, and what a sadness it will cast over the town which has loved and honored him so faithfully, but to me it is simply a source of gladness to think that he has thrown off the body which had been so long hampering and thwarting his spirit, and has renewed his youth in some other scene of God's great universe.

CORTINA D'AMPEGGO, June 20, 1882.

DEAR ALICE:

I THINK it is a good sign of the worth and permanence of friendship when all beautiful things serve to quicken and refresh the memory of a friend. I cannot tell about the long future; but I know that now I am never in a boat or on a hillside, under circumstances of special interest, so that I feel a craving for sympathy, without thinking of you. Yesterday afternoon I had a lovely ramble for three or four hours on the bald, rocky slopes, covered with short scrubby pines, that lie at the foot of one of these wonderful Dolomite mountains, and I thought continually of Monadnock and you. There is not much resemblance in the mountains themselves, for the real mountain which I visited yesterday is a sheer bare precipice of gloomy rock, but the foot hills with their mountain flowers, the strong wind sweeping over me, the mists which came slowly down from the mountain top and finally settled into rain, all somehow seemed to bring you back to me. I suppose it was partly being alone again that made me think of you. For the three weeks that we were in Venice, I was hardly a moment by myself,

and I have greatly enjoyed the quiet of the woods and hills here.

Later. — Another thing that made me think of you yesterday was hearing a lark for the first time; i. e., I may have heard one before but never knew that it was a lark or watched its irregular ascending flight, quite out of sight in the low clouds, singing in unbroken melody. The lark is so closely associated with English poetry that it reminded me of you and our old studies in that line. To-day I heard it again. It has been a wonderful day; the air full of sunshine; the masses of clouds, glorious; the sharp outlines of the craggy mountains clear and bright against the sky. I stopped at a little sort of picnic place, Crepadi belvedere, and had a glass of beer and a bit of bread, and have felt exceedingly well and bright this afternoon. . . . Please think of me carrying with me wherever I go, most pleasant and refreshing memories of you and yours, of all your kindness to me, of the sympathy we have ever had in the enjoyment of nature; and not memories only but hopes of much pleasure together in days to come, and best wishes for your best welfare.

Your affectionate friend,

EDWARD C. GUILD.

AIBLING, Oct. 15, 1882.

I CONTINUE to delight myself in long walks. I have still an insatiable passion for visiting the villages of the neighborhood and keep a list and

rejoice over a new name as a botanist or a geologist would over a new specimen. I have now visited 53, and am greatly delighted that we are to stay here a week longer, as I have now a good hope of carrying the number up to 60.

MUNICH, Mar. 9th, 1883.

WE have also had a good deal more society in other ways in the last few days. On Wednesday, a supper-party at Fr. Scheuermann's — 17 people — lasting till 2 o'clock in the morning; very merry and pleasant, good music, a bit of dancing, games, and much bright talk. Thursday Scheuermann and von Rom were here all the afternoon from 3 to 7, and at 8 Mr. Sands came and went down with us to spend the evening at the Rockhills'. Yesterday after my walk, I found Baron Brück here, and Baron Pechmann came in to supper. In the evening, Wittmark and Crane were here from 8 till 11. In the afternoon the girls had been over to coffee at Fr. Scheuermann's to help her entertain old Mrs. Main and her daughter Mrs. Giles from Philadelphia. To-night I go to a party (Mrs. Rockhill calls it a party of "old crows") at the Consul's, and the next evening I expect to take the girls to a small ball, but this is quite the exception, and no fair sample of our life. Next week may find us lapsed again into our normal state of quietude.

This afternoon and evening I have really begun to get interested in reading again the poems of

Hermann Luigg, a play by Ludwig Gaughofer, both Müncheners, and some essays by Lorenzo Stein on the position of woman in society. I shall go to-morrow to the Staatsbibliothek and the Leihbibliothek, and lay in a supply of fresh books, now that I have the whole long day to dispose of. I find myself, now that I have nothing to hinder my following my own instincts, going to bed at ten, and getting up at five, which makes a splendid wealth of hours for reading.

May 18th. — Walking in the fields again made me think often of you and Concord. I like to know very thoroughly a limited neighborhood, as I do that of Aibling, and whenever I think of renewing that sort of pleasure at home, I think of Concord as a starting point. The strip of country between the mountains and the plain here is not unlike the scenery of Massachusetts, but I miss the stone walls, and the wild scrambling vines by the roadside; the beech woods are very beautiful. It is delightful to me to have you wish me at home, and I wish I could tell you just when I am coming. I picture myself walking up from Brookline; for the first half the way I know every turn in the road, but between Newton and Concord it would have for me the charm of novelty until I reached some point to which I may have walked with you. What a lot I shall have to tell you which I have been too lazy to write; queer characters to describe and queer speeches to relate and places to tell you about and modes of life to explain! And what



a lot I shall have to ask and to hear, for faithful as your story of the days and weeks has been, I know there is much besides which can only come out in the course of long talks, with many a question and answer.

MUNICH, June 4th, 1883.

DEAR ALICE:

YOUR letter of May 20th has come to-day. Don't accuse yourself of having deserted me; I feel your companionship and sympathy all the time, whether you write or not. I do not pretend to any such occult and mysterious powers of perception that I should know *when* you are thinking of me, but what I mean is that my whole life is brightened and blessed and made more happy, day by day, through the assurance of your steadfast affection. Unless you should be silent so long as to arouse apprehension that you may be ill, I shall not be anxious, I shall never fear that you have deserted me. Also, I wish I could convince you that your letters are never "stupid and uninteresting" to me. If you were to cease to find the world about you and the life you are living beautiful and interesting, then they might become so, but so long as you look at life in the natural way, you do now, fresh, hopeful, expectant of good, and let me look at it with you, let me stand at your side and look on while you point out to me what you are seeing, what you are doing, whom you are associating with, etc., let me try to catch the bright, true-hearted spirit in which you meet all the duties,

joys, and relations of life, so long your letters will always be an unspeakable help and consolation to me. And this one certainly not less than others. Did n't your letter tell me about all the rides you 'd been taking, and don't you suppose I have enjoyed them too! I can see the tints of the foliage, and the beautiful curves of the country roads, and the delicate greys of the stone walls, and the lovely wild flowers, and I think they are almost more lovely because I see them with your eyes instead of my own. And did n't you tell me about that Sunday when Taussig came out in such a hearty, unreserved mood, and don't you suppose I had a good time too? And do you suppose I find it "stupid and uninteresting" when you tell me that on the 21st you had on a calico dress for the first time, and had been out planting nasturtiums? Then I shall have to call *you* stupid! Don't you see what a picture that is to me, four lines of your letter,—far better than a photograph; it is more like the crystal mirrors which fabled magicians had. I look into it and see you, you yourself, just as you were that day, and it makes a warm glow of happiness in my heart, because I know if I could walk up to the fence and call you by name, you would give me a hearty welcome, and after I had helped you finish planting the nasturtiums we should go in and wash our hands, and then we should talk to each other instead of being obliged to make black lines on white paper. You need n't imagine that I undervalue your friendship so atrociously as not to be grateful for the merest little

scrap from your hand. This letter might be, intrinsically, ten times less bright and less interesting than it is, and still it would be a delight to me to get it, because it would be a proof that you had thought of me. That being the case, how much more delightful is it to get this full, vivid picture of your busy, active life—quiet in a sense to be sure—yet varied, full of enjoyment, full of affection, full of helpfulness; so full of thought for others, with so little thought of self, that your left hand hardly knew what your right hand did, or as you say: “I don’t know what I did, only I know I was always busy.” Perhaps those around you too would also say they could not tell *what* you had been doing, they only knew they were happy, and that you had helped to make them so—“stupid and uninteresting” indeed! I have not read Mrs. Carlyle’s letters, but I’d rather have one of yours than ten volumes of hers. Not that I don’t want you to tell me about your aches and pains whenever you have any. I should feel defrauded of my privilege of giving you sympathy if you should consciously and deliberately hide from me any trouble which it was not unfitting for me to know about. You may indeed have great cares and anxieties which you cannot let me share because they concern others besides yourself. Of that I could not complain, but if you have rheumatism or corns or “reasons why you could not sleep,” and fail to tell me, I shall scold. I claim the right to share your troubles as well as your joys, so far as they are shareable. I shall let this

letter go a little song of praise and thanksgiving for your dear letter, without intruding my personal experiences into it, reserving them till I write again in a day or two. And I cannot better conclude this note of rejoicing than by saying that I find a natural and delightful fitness to your letter itself in the bits of Emerson which you enclose. They are like "apples of gold in pictures of silver." You are not a philosopher, to be sure, but there was that about his philosophy which makes it rhyme with all that is genuine and pure and true, with what is soundly and nobly human:—

"Go thou to thy seasoned task,  
I stay with the flowers of spring,  
Do thou of the ages ask,  
What me the hours will bring."

Why, it seems as if Mr. Emerson had been reading your letter and put the very sweetness of it into a quatrain.

"Nothing can bring you peace but yourself. Nothing can bring you peace but the triumph of principles." And it is because you, Alice Reynolds Keyes, have just that peace within you, that you are able to send a breath of it across the water to me in this precious letter. And so good-night. The sunset is just fading out of the sky as I close at 9 o'clock. I hope you have had a beautiful sunset too, and are going to bed happy, as happy as you have made me.

Your affectionate friend,

EDWARD C. GUILD.

MUNICH, June 17, 1883.

DEAR ALICE:

It does not matter if I have nothing particular to say, does it? I may come and sit by your side and smoke my pipe (that will surely be pardoned after three years in Germany) while you sew (no, that won't do on Sunday), while you shell the peas for dinner (only I am afraid they are not ripe yet), or wash the dishes (for I am afraid you would not let me help wipe them, I am out of practice). Last night I gave my first bachelor tea-party since studio-days,—only one guest, Crane, who has got run down by working too steadily, taking no exercise and not getting enough to eat. Frl. Kolb gave us a good cup of tea with cold meat, and bread and butter, and afterwards we had a bottle of wine, and some oranges and cake, and then smoked long clay pipes. I think he had a good time, for he stayed late. I find I cannot drink beer in spring; it gives me a headache. But wine, even at 20 cents a bottle, is too dear for much hospitality, so I did not dare to invite Enden to come too. I suppose the reason I began this letter is that I saw to-day at the Bank the names of Mr. and Mrs. Woodward Hudson—May 29—(almost) three weeks ago—and of course they are off long since on their way to Heidelberg. I am very sorry I did not know they were here, it would have been such a pleasure to see them, and talk about Concord and you. It is so very rarely that I see the name of any one I know that I am

very careless and indifferent about studying the "strangers' book." It is of course not a complete list of visitors to Munich, it is only a list of those who resort to that particular bank. There is a paper published here giving the arrivals at hotels, but the full name is not given, and it is no great satisfaction to know that "Smith, Massachusetts," is at the Bellevue. Moreover, most Americans go to boarding houses as did Mr. and Mrs. Hudson, and those persons are not reported to the said paper. So it is quite a matter of chance my seeing any one who does not seek me out. It is my loss and not theirs, and I am very sorry about it. I shall be more watchful in future.

June 20. — I suppose the real reason why I began this letter was that I *had* something particular to say, and the reason I have delayed closing my letter was because I did not want to say it. The fact is that it was decided this day week that I am not to go home till autumn, *perhaps* November. I am not exactly disappointed, because I have been seeing for some time that it would come to this, and I am satisfied that the purpose for which I remain is a sufficient and adequate reason for my giving up all that I miss in not going home. Neither am I depressed, because I am living very pleasantly, a quite cheerful life, without cares and anxieties, a life so far as self-indulgence is concerned, which suits me very well. My chief regret is that it keeps me longer away from my friends. At the same time I have this consolation, even in that relation,

viz.: that letters have begun to have more meaning and value to me since I have been alone than they have had for a year or more past. I feel now, if I can write as fully and freely as I have of late, that friendship may still live and even grow without my going home. Of my ultimate return there is no doubt,—no doubt that I shall return as soon as I possibly can; meantime I shall make the most of my opportunities here, see and hear and learn all that I can, and find constant comfort and rest and delight in writing and in getting letters. Of course I regret now, all the more, that I have ever once hitherto alluded to going home. But I could not help it. And my friends must share, so far as the matter touches them, the varying hopes and disappointments I have myself passed through. After all, it is only three or four months. Please don't get tired of expecting me, and let your welcome get cold with delay. It is only that I shall find you by your fireside instead of on the river, and I don't really know which picture is the more lovely in my eyes. I shall write again soon. Give my love to Prescott.

Yours in faith and hope,

EDWARD C. GUILD.

MUNICH, Aug. 27th, 1883.

At the Bank I found five American letters, and on my table five letters from this side the water, so you see I have plenty of occupation for some days to come in answering them. The weather remains

beautiful; it is a little warmer, but not too warm, and I should think it was over three weeks since we have had a single unpleasant day. My landlady has got a dog, and the little fellow is sitting in my lap; he is very restless, for he is still unaccustomed to his new home; he is a "dachshund." He has attached himself to Eilhauer, a young banker who also lives here, and who takes him to walk. So he does not take much notice of me. To-night at the theatre "Clavigo" will be given in honor of the anniversary of Goethe's birthday; as it is over at 9 o'clock, I think I shall go. It is very hard sometimes to choose what is most attractive. It is such a splendid day I should like to take a long walk. I should like, too, a long evening for letters, and it seems hard to go off to the theatre by broad daylight, but I regard it as a sort of study in German literature and follow it up from a sense of duty. But it seems a shame when one can go to the theatre just as well when it rains.

WIEN, Sunday, Sept. 9th, 1883.

Now we shall probably go to the theatre this evening. Instead of going to the great theatre to see Lessing's "Emilia Galotti," I like better to go to a little theatre where a piece of local history, the siege of Wien by the Turks, is given in the Austrian dialect. I do not believe I shall ever learn to like tragedy, even in English, it seems to me such a mockery when really high and noble deeds and feelings are put upon the stage. Representations of daily, domestic life are more natural. I have been reading "Mr. Isaacs," which I



found on my friend's table. I have not read far, but the book seems to me very affected and unnatural; I am not a bit pleased with it. We went mousing a little this morning in the book-stalls, and I got some poems in Stegirmakirche dialect which I like much better. I brought "John Inglesant" with me for railroad reading, but as I travelled at night I have had only time to read the first few pages. I shall be here but a day or two, and my going home will take two days (as I shall spend one night on the way), and then I expect to devote myself to the book.

Tuesday morning, after breakfast. — I had a delightful walk yesterday morning in the country, my friend having gone to his business. I came back to town at noon in order to meet him at dinner, and planned to finish my letter in the afternoon, but I stupidly forgot to ask for a key, and when I returned here after dinner I found the "Hausfrau" had gone away and I was locked out. It was then three o'clock, too late to make another excursion, and I wasted the afternoon reading English newspapers in a café. We tried a third time to get cheap seats at the theatre, — in vain, — and as we neither of us care enough for it to pay high prices, we again gave it up, and spent the evening in delightful conversation, — better to my mind, than any other attraction Wien has to offer. To-day I have planned to go alone to the hills we had meant to visit on Sunday, but, though yesterday was warm and fine, to-day is again cloudy and bleak, and I shall probably end the matter by staying in the house till dinner. It is a real London day. I could almost

think myself in London but for the different look of the people. I do not, however, see such a variety of nationalities here as I expected. The most conspicuous are the nurses, who are Servian women with bright costumes — short skirts, and long boots like a man's. You see an occasional "fez" indicating an oriental, and there are some Nubians here, and you see often the bright liveries of the servants of Hungarian noblemen. But the military officers here are more simply dressed and by no means as magnificent as in Bayern. The streets are very animated and full, and men and horses go at a rapid pace. Wien is related to Munich (in size and character I mean) much as Boston to Salem or Portsmouth, but I prefer Munich very much as a residence. To-morrow is a great "gala" day. The Emperor and all the great people, including the King of Spain, who is here on a visit, will attend the ceremony of opening the new City Hall, a magnificent building just completed. But a seat would cost heavily, and a crowd I detest, so we shall probably not try to see it at all; but, as my friend means to take a day's vacation, we may wander off into the country. I shall probably return to Munich on Thursday; at any rate I shall be there on Sunday. Oddly enough my dearth of American letters proved total and absolute up to the time of my departure; not a single letter have I had since Aug. 27, so that I shall expect to find a noble pile awaiting me on my return. Now I shall bid you good-bye and write to Lily. Perhaps after all I may get off to Kahlenberg at 11 o'clock.

I wish, too, that I could have been with you that Sunday on Monadnoc, or you with me, for I was amid lovely scenes that day on Ammersee and at Andechs, but we must have patience. As long as life lasts, we can be looking forward to bright and blessed days to come, and if this mortal life should close, why then we have yet brighter and more blessed days to look forward to, though they be in scenes and circumstances of which we know nothing now. So I have learned to wait, and hope in patient expectation, taking gratefully what of love and joy my present life affords, and that is much, in full assurance that the coming time, whether in this world or in another, has still higher blessings in store.

Your affectionate friend,

EDWARD C. GUILD.

### TO PRESCOTT KEYES.

MUNICH, Sunday evening, Sept. 16, 1883.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

I MUST just tuck in a little line to thank you for your note, and to dispute with you a little, as it is my wont to do. First you are disposed to undervalue letters, because they grow cold in the two weeks between the writing and reading of them; but I am not sure; cold, of course, they are compared to hearty, eager, rapid talk; and yet they hold a certain warmth which outlasts often a second and a third reading, and there is even a fullness, if not warmth of personal expression which one is able (at least, sometimes)

to put into a letter, which I should hardly dare to convey in speech face to face. But I am with you in the main; letters are but a poor substitute for conversation in the long run and on the whole. But, next, you are disposed to give letters a sort of negative credit which seems to me to be more than they deserve. "We shall not meet as such strangers," you say, "as we should had we not had letters flying between us." True, and yet I repudiate the implication that friendship is dependent on letters. In our case, to be sure, considering that I had been so much in the habit of writing to your wife before I came away, it would have been unnatural and a ground of estrangement if I had stopped writing. Yet I maintain, if circumstances had led me into engrossing pursuits, and it had been difficult for me to write, and I had fallen quite out of the way of it, to you two and to all other friends we should still never have come to be strangers, but I should have gone to you after three years or after five years of silence with unwavering confidence in your regard. I have "sogar" tested the thing with two of my college friends, Stickney and Warner; there have been intervals of several years, many years "sogar" when no single letter has passed between us, and yet when we have met again it has been at once on the old footing. This is "sogar" part of my creed; that where a true relation is established, nothing but a radical alteration in character, a change in the whole tendencies of the life, is adequate to estrangement. But enough of disputing. I delight to hear about your drives, and your climbs, and your friends, and above all, to per-

ceive, from your letters and hers that Alice must be all right again. I thank you much for writing, and hope you will be moved to do it again. I shall not always feel bound to answer, because of course, all my letters are to you both. And so good-night.

Very truly your friend,

E. C. GUILD.

MUNICH, Oct. 22nd, 1883.

DEAR PRESCOTT:

THANKS for your kind note of Sept. 30. Of course, after so long an absence, I don't take a very keen interest in Massachusetts politics; but I did feel the disgrace of Butler's election, and of his subsequent conduct, and I am rejoiced to know that there is a prospect of getting so good a man as Robinson, having had the pleasure of preaching to him at Chicopee; he was an attentive and sympathetic auditor, and I have seen him several times since at Anniversaries, and in the Legislature. I hope he will be elected, and wish I could be there to cast a vote for him. I was much entertained by the mutual blandishments of Butler and Eliot at Commencement: I suppose the Thanksgiving proclamation will be amusing.

BREMEN, Sunday, Feb. 10, 1884.

DEAR ALICE:

You will be glad to see that I am actually on my homeward way. Bremen is very American in looks and ways, and I feel already much at home here. I

had rather a tedious 24 hours' journey, but no special delays or adventures. Here I am extremely well taken care of. The Stadt Köln, where I am wont to resort here, is really an inn for emigrant peasants. But I am like a guest in the landlord's family, eat at their table, sit in their parlor, go to church and to the theatre with them, and feel very much at home. I had a very pleasant day yesterday. Herr Lüning took me first to the "Spediteur" to whom my boxes were consigned, and found that they had come all right; then we visited some of the public buildings, and I was delighted with some frescoes by a Bremen artist, Arthur Fitger, who is also a poet, and one of whose tragedies was given last night at the theatre. I did not go, for I am not very fond of the drama, and care especially little for tragic acting. But I hunted up a good book store, and bought me some of Fitger's plays to read on the voyage home. I found a friendly book seller who showed me some stories of Bremen life written in the Bremen dialect, a sort of "platt-deutsch." I did not want to buy them till I had experimented in reading them. So he showed me where to find a circulating library and I brought one home thinking to pass a quiet evening in my room. But there came in a surgeon from the "Salier" (the boat which sailed to-day), and Herr Lüning proposes we should go to a beer hall and hear a Hungarian Zigeunen band, which we accordingly did. I am very fond of this Gipsy music, so that I enjoyed the evening very well. In the afternoon I had had a long walk through the "Bremen Wald," a long manor park running through or round the city, and along

the "alter Wall," an embankment on the bank of the Weser, where the river is very broad and the views fine. I called on Frl. Stallforth, but she was out. To-day I have been to church for the first time since the summer I was at Cortina, indeed I might almost say the first time for three years. This afternoon we were going to the "Stadt Park," but it is raining, and we must give it up. The weather is very mild; the catkins are out on the alders and willows, and the snow drops are in bloom before the house. This evening we are going to the theatre — a "Lustspiel" by Blumenthal, "Die Probepfeil." To-morrow I am going to Hamburg to call on Pastor Manchet, who has been transferred there, and on my cousins. If I am invited to dinner I may stay over night, but shall probably return by a late train. I leave here Wednesday morning at 7 for Bremerhafn, about an hour and a half by rail. The ship has been changed; instead of the "Werra," it is the "Hohenstaufen," a smaller and slower ship; but I am content. We are due in Southampton on Friday and in New York on the 24th or 25th. I will drop you a line from Southampton (unless I should be seasick and cross, which is not likely). I find myself in much better spirits now that I am fairly started, and expect to enjoy the voyage, and arrive in first-rate order.

With much love to Prescott,

I am ever your affectionate friend,

E. C. GUILD.

S. S. HOHENSTAUFEN, Feb. 14, 1884.

DEAR ALICE:

I AM once more on the sea with twelve or fourteen days of steady ploughing on through the waters before me. The North Sea (where we are to-day) is still and the ship moves without inconvenient rolling. (The weather is so mild that one needs no overcoat on deck.) The sun is streaming in at the cabin lights and there is no one in the saloon but myself and my comrade, Rev. Prof. Bissel, a Presbyterian professor of Hebrew, a long tedious-looking man who proves to be a brighter companion than I at first sight anticipated. I left Bremen with great reluctance. I like the place extremely, and became really attached to the excellent people at the hotel who received me into their family and made me one of themselves. The temptation to stay till Sunday, hear two of Wagner's operas, and sail on the "Rhein," the very safest boat of the line, was a great one. But my money was getting short, and I had no reason for staying except self-indulgence, so I followed the guidance of circumstances and set off yesterday on this little boat with about twenty-five others in the cabin and 400 Bohemians and Bavarians in the steerage. The weather is something wonderful, warm as April or September; no overcoat needed even on deck. In Bremen the snowdrops in the door yards, and even the daisies in the fields were in bloom. The "Rhein," which arrived in Bremen from New York last Sunday, had a perfectly smooth passage. On the theory of "weather breeders," on the ground that the ocean is never long



still, but in constant motion and change, I prophesy that these weeks of unnatural warmth in mid-winter must be the precursor of a great storm. But there is certainly no sign of it at present; the sun set last night round and red, and the moon rose bright and clear, and this morning at five I saw the great stars sparkling and now the sun is warm and brilliant overhead.

Afternoon. — Now comes the word that we are not to stop at Southampton after all, but the tender will come off, and bring and take passengers and letters, and we shall go right on. So I will finish my letters while the daylight lasts, and have them ready. The sky is a little overcast and the wind damp and warm, but the sea is still and the boat scarcely seems to move. We have very good grub to which I devote myself with energy. I hardly expect to get home in time to celebrate my birthday, as I shall be likely to stop one day or more in New York. But it cannot be long after the 1st of March when I make my appearance at your door.

With much love to Prescott,

Always very truly your friend,

E. C. GUILD.

N. D. L. S. S. HOHENSTAUFEN, Feb. 27, 1884.

DEAR ALICE:

BEHOLD me once more in America; if not on the American continent, yet at least in American waters! We have had a pretty hard voyage — fifteen days;

we have had four storms, the last one, yesterday afternoon and evening, the Captain says was a "regular hurricane;" we were one night in the ice; we got out of our course last night, and are about a day later than we should have been but for this last storm. I found my Hebrew Professor a very agreeable companion, and we have had some very pleasant talks, but the roughness of the sea has prevented much walking and so we have more frequently sat together and read in silence; but even in this way his presence and companionship was a pleasure to me. . . . I have not been seasick (although we have been fearfully tossed about), and feel myself in first-rate condition for enjoyment or for work. . . .

Boston, May 30, 1884.

I DON'T know what you mean about sending me a "bundle" of books. "Jackanapes" I meant you to have if you like it; if not, give it away. The one volume of "Burnt Njal" is to be sent back when you have done with it,—no hurry. "The Pearls of Faith" you may send if you want to, or keep as long as you like. "The Lovers of Gudrun" you can't have finished by this time. So I shall wait to see of what your "bundle" will consist. I have it "fore" (as the Germans say) to send you a bundle, but it keeps getting delayed. I went through, yesterday, over forty volumes of the *Living Age* in search of a suitable article on Iceland to have interleaved for you, but I did not find just the right one. I found two

which are better than nothing, and I will have them fixed some day. Also my set of Crane's essays is still waiting for a No. of *Lippincott's* which was ordered some time ago from New York. They sent a wrong one, and it had to be sent back, but I shall get the right one some day. Meantime you can plod along with "Burnt Njal" and the "Lovers of Gudrun." I am glad that you found an old letter of mine that interested you. I am coming to the conclusion that I amount to more on paper than I do in talk, or as an Irishman might say, that I am a more agreeable companion when I am not there than when I am. I am sorry, of course, that I cannot talk as pleasantly as I can write, but after all every one has his limitations, and I can only be thankful if I have been blessed with a gift of making myself agreeable with my pen. It seems very nice to be chatting with you this morning, and it reminds me of Munich, for I am indulging myself in this way now because I have nothing else to do.

. . . . .

BOSTON, Nov. 26, 1884.

. . . I am glad you like "Agamenticus." I prefer "Coronation," but one needs to be at least somewhat in sympathy with that peculiar type of piety to enjoy the book thoroughly. I can well understand that it may appear to many judicious people somewhat sentimental and morbid, although I do not myself think that it really is so. Mr. Tenney is himself a very practical man, and by no means visionary. He is

now (and has been for a good many years past) President of Colorado College — which he administers wisely and for which he begs energetically and effectively. . . .

BOSTON, Jan. 3d, 1885.

DEAR ALICE:

PERHAPS you are right in thinking "Mrs. Overtheway" inferior to "Jackanapes" and "Daddy Darwin" — but I am inclined to think your memory of your first impression of its charm is quite trustworthy. What could be more delightful than that scene in bed where Sandy Tom is weighed against all possible delights of wealth, and his charms are found to outweigh them all, and when the wakeful child speculating on the possibility of future beauty strokes her nose to see whether it gives promise of a lovely curve? Was there ever anything more delicious than those two scared children going to sleep, holding Miss Kate's pigtail "between us"? Can't you go back to the time when you too might have said, in answer to a suggestion of marriage, "when I am sixteen, I shall be an Amazon"? Have you ever heard the church-bells "on a frosty day," when it seemed as if "the church was coming round through the snowy streets to pick up the congregation"? But I know you do not need this piecemeal kind of quotation; I know you like the book thoroughly, and it was only true what you said, that in "Jackanapes" the humor and the pathos are more condensed and intense and not scattered over so many pages as they are here.

Sunday evening. — So far I wrote while reading the little book yesterday evening. This morning I preached at Washington Village to a very attentive and sympathetic audience, and this afternoon I had the pleasure of hearing my old friend Winkley at his own church, where I had preached last Sunday. This evening I have been reading Mr. Gosse's "Life of the Poet Gray;" an admirable piece of biography and criticism, but perhaps not so entertaining a book as some of the other lives in the series, because Gray led such a retired and uneventful life. . . .

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, Jan. 12th, 1885.

DEAR ALICE:

HERE I am suddenly installed in my new parish, landed here on Friday after only 24 hours' notice, and now to-day housed by a most violent storm before I had had time to get hold of my new duties by more than my finger-tips. So that I find myself this morning instead of bustling about as I had expected in pursuit of a boarding-place, quietly seated in my room at the hotel, listening to the howling of the storm and the dashing of the rain against the windows. The poor icemen, who had been looking with delight upon fair fields of river ice nine inches thick, are hourly expecting to see it break up, and their anticipated crop drift out to sea. Meantime the little village presents a most dismal and draggled aspect. The first thing I did on arriving here, Saturday, was to receive a box at the Post Office, and I look upon the key as that which shall unlock for me in the coming months treasures more precious than gold. I mean to be

diligent and not waste time in too much letter-writing, which is to me a temptation and a self-indulgence. But I cannot help feeling at first as if I should have a good deal of leisure here. (I think I never saw the rain pour down in such torrents as at this moment. I have to get up every few moments and go to the window to see the progress of the storm. The old house shakes with every gust of wind.) I found the congregation yesterday as before small but very sympathetic and appreciative. I am sure I shall always feel happy in the pulpit here, whatever I may feel out of it. I installed myself with a few words of introduction to a sermon appropriate to the occasion, and gathered the Sunday School together again, after a few months of suspended animation. I have sent to Spaulding for specimens of the new text-books, and next Sunday I shall have a good large adult class for myself. I found a tolerable boarding-place on Saturday, but delayed in hopes that something better might turn up yesterday. . . . In my almost enforced leisure of these first days, I am fortunate in having brought plenty of books. I have already finished Seeley's "Horace Walpole" and Swinburne's "Study of Shakespeare," but have still on hand De Tocqueville's "Ancien Regime," Sam Johnson's "Lectures and Addresses," and a volume of J. H. Newman's "Plain and Parochial Sermons." The local resources in the way of books I have not yet had a chance to investigate. I have never studied Ecclesiastical History, and I am thinking of making a serious attack on the times of the Reformation. I imagine the College Library here would have resources in that line.

. . . . .

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, Feb. 15, 1885.

DEAR ALICE:

I KIND o' like to write to you on Sunday afternoon, even tho' I have nothing to say. I have had a very quiet week, with scarcely an incident to break the peace, or shall I say monotony? of it. And now I have had a very quiet Sunday. The day was fine, but the walking is so extremely bad that it keeps a good many of the elder people at home. It never seems to me as if it was a real good honest New England Sunday when I have but one service. Yet the Sunday afternoon and evening is a very pleasant time too; I do not feel called upon to begin at once upon the duties of the week, and so it makes a sort of neutral ground, a transition time; I read and write letters and lay plans; I should walk if I only could, but alas! that is impossible. I am rejoicing to-day because my landlady has bought a load of wood, and I am to have the privilege of cutting it up. I really need exercise; it will make a change in the whole current of my life to saw wood a little. Did I tell you that I am invited to join a sort of a club of professors and their wives for the study of Hawthorne? They have had but two meetings; one, a preliminary meeting, and one devoted to "Fanshawe." The next meeting is to be on the "Twice-Told Tales," and each member is expected to read the whole book before the meeting. This of course I am enjoying very much. I have not read them before for a very long time. I am surprised at the variety there is in them, the variety of tone and mood, I mean. I expected to find them all

sombre and almost gloomy; but some, such as "Little Annie's Ramble," are really bright, almost gay; some have a clear historic basis, and a careful observance of accessories; others are wholly in the land of dreams. I am struck with the sound and healthy tone of most of them. I have an impression that in his later works there was something a little morbid, an overstrained analysis of motives, a passion for dealing chiefly with moral and intellectual disease. But most of these earlier tales seem to me singularly wholesome and direct. The club mean to take the entire range of his works in chronological order, and it will be very interesting to study the development of his genius, even though it be not always in the line of progress.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, Feb. 23, 1885.

ONE incident of last week was a bright one, — the meeting of the Hawthorne Club. It was quite ideal; every one spoke, and spoke freely and well, the ladies especially said extremely graceful and pertinent things; there was great simplicity throughout and cordial fellowship. I felt at home at once, and these meetings will be a very marked feature in my life here, though I do not imagine that I shall see much of the people except during the meetings. I enjoyed the "Twice-Told Tales" very much, but the "Mosses from an Old Manse," which comes next, produces a different impression; some of the stories are repulsive, others wearisome; it does not seem to have



the freshness of the "Tales." He does not love nature with that minute and all-embracing love which makes Thoreau. I cannot bear to have him rail at the old lilac bushes as he does. They may not be beautiful or venerable, but they should be dear for association's sake.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, March 3, 1885.

I THINK your own note proves that I do not need to be pitied for having a birthday only once in four years. What matters it, if my friends are good enough to remember that I was born between the 28th of February and the 1st of March and send me their good wishes on one or other of these days? I dearly love to have my birthday remembered; it is so much more personal than Christmas and New Year's. . . . With Hawthorne I shall persevere; our club sits on the "Mosses" to-morrow. I have read the two volumes through with rather an oppressive feeling; they are dismal almost without relief.

BRUNSWICK, ME., March 25th, 1885.

. . . I cannot let your birthday go by without bringing you a word of greeting from me. I am very glad that you were born — you two. It has been a very significant fact for me that we three should have been in the world together. As the hours I have spent with you are among my brightest memories,

hours of unalloyed delight, so among my brightest hopes are those I look to pass in your society in the future.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, April 1st, 1885.

DEAR ALICE :

I HAVE just taken your letter of March 30th from the Post Office and brought it home and read it, and moments of purer and more genuine pleasure do not often fall to my lot. I wish we had power to diminish the speed of our actions below the ordinary rate, as we certainly have to increase it. I suppose I could have read your letter in half the time if I had been in haste; but I should like to have been able to spend an hour between the first line and the appendix, that I might make the pleasure last. To be sure I can read it over again several times with interest and satisfaction, but not with quite the same glow of pleasure. And yet that pleasure was not of such an intense and passionate kind as to be exhausting; I should only have been refreshed and happy if I could have "slowed" my mind so as to be an hour in reading it. I do not care to protract merely physical delights; I am willing that the pleasures of the palate should be momentary, but I wish those of the mind might be made a little more durable at will. However, some of them are. I can keep on writing as long as I like, or leave off as I shall now, and begin again. N. B. I don't wish your letter had been longer, because it has a perfect artistic unity, it would have been less admirable if it had run on beyond the natural limit of the impulse which started it.

April 2.

. . . . .

YESTERDAY was quite a "red-letter" day in respect of sociability, for Carrol Everett was here; he called on me and sat an hour before dinner, and I returned his call and sat an hour after dinner. We came to no very high or philosophic themes, but it was most animated and agreeable talk. I have had no lack of pleasant society this week. I spent Monday and Tuesday at Portland at the Hills'. John Bellows took me Monday evening to the gentlemen's club there, and I got home on Tuesday evening in time for the gentlemen's club here, to which I have recently been elected; so that within two days I met some 40 of the best men of Maine. But though their clubs are very interesting and profitable, the talk was not on the whole so charming to me as that which I had with Mr. Everett or Mr. Smith or Mr. and Mrs. John Bellows when I called on them; perhaps because I had to hold my tongue more; perhaps because it did not turn so much upon books. . . . I think the taste for "scrimmages" is after all pretty universal; one of the permanent elements of human nature, though there is something comical and unexpected in finding it so highly developed in such a mild-mannered person as Miss Channing. However, I suppose this element of human nature is rather disproportionately small with me. Over the "Scarlet Letter" we came near a row, because I opened the meeting with an onslaught upon it, and every one but Mrs. Chapman opposed me. The influence of what was said in oppo-

sition to me was so strong upon me that I read the book over with very different eyes and was prepared to make a pretty decided recantation at the next meeting. But Mrs. Chapman got an inkling of this and sent for me a day or two before the meeting, and braced me up nicely, so that my recantation was by no means so humble as it would have been but for her firmness — But I have kept elaborate notes of it all, which you shall read when your appetite serves. I have finished the Julian memoirs to-day, and quite agree with Chadwick's keen and brilliant little letter in the *Register*, — if "scalping" ever was artistically done, it was done that time.

In a clearing between BRUNSWICK and BATH, July 20th, 1885.

DEAR ALICE :

WILL you come and sit here a few minutes with me? Not that I have anything interesting to say to you or to show you, but because I am alone and crave your society. I imagine almost anybody but you would pronounce me crazy. The afternoon is what unenlightened people would call "hot." I was landed at 2 P. M. at Harding's, a flag-station midway between Brunswick and Bath, where I have a call to make. But the sky was so clear and the breeze so balmy and the air so full of fragrance, and the hour so early that I started in exactly the opposite direction to that in which Miss Snow's house lies. I have walked for more than half an hour in search of a hill where I could find shade and a view, and could catch the breeze. But at last I have given it up. In a flat

country one is perpetually deceived into a hope of coming to some place where one can see out into the surrounding country. Glimpses one can sometimes catch, as here; if I stand up I see a beautiful level horizon in one direction across an interval of ten or twelve miles, but when I sit down I lose it. And I find myself actually hotter sitting here than when walking. But then it is a balmy delicious heat, wholesome, aromatic. I am sitting in a bed of brake, with the whole field about me blue with berries. That it is a quiet region you may know by the fact that a hen partridge whom I met just now hardly took the trouble to cluck to her brood to get them out of my way. But I believe I will move on in the hope of finding a better place.

Half an hour later. — Almost a hill, near Harding's station, with a sort of a top to it. To be sure I lose the view when I sit down, but I do not lose the breeze, so I have gained something by the move. For the rest the day could not be surpassed, so blue a sky, such fleecy clouds, the leaves sparkling in the sunshine and dancing in the breeze; the air is full of music, the thrush and the sparrow singing, the wind in the pines murmuring and sighing, the birch leaves rustling, the far-off farm-machines made musical by distance. I think this climate is quite perfect, always sunny, the air clear and bracing, always a breeze. I suppose there will be dog-days bye and bye, and so I am eager to do some walking while this delicious weather lasts.

Still later by half an hour. — Now I have signally improved my position. Abandoning all hope of a hill, I have come down on to the bank of the Newmarket river not far from the bridge, and I get indeed a wider outlook up the river than I have had before; not that I have not seen a more distant horizon before, but here I have an open foreground. And the breeze over the water is most refreshingly cool, and the splashing of the little waves and the trickling noise the little fishes make jumping out of the water a dozen at a time. Right opposite me perches in a pine tree what looks like an eagle for magnificence of size and black and whiteness of plumage, but I am not learned enough to be certain; it may be a fish-hawk. No! there he goes and there is no mistaking him — a big bald-headed eagle. The cliffs on the opposite shore (not high) are red, not unlike the banks of the Isar above Munich, and just up the river is a scow at anchor. A boy is fishing from the bridge, but the tramp of a horse is rarely heard; there is almost no travel in the road. Right opposite me the young moon is half way up the sky, looking like a little white cloud deserted in the blue expanse by all her sisters.

5.30 P. M. — This is a curious letter, certainly, — a thing of shreds and patches, — but I must add one more bit to tell you that I have found now the nicest place of all. It is the east side of the same hill I was on before and overlooks a great reach of the river and the opposite bank dotted with farm-houses; while the lengthening shadows keep me from the sun even

on this rock in the midst of a sea of oats on which I am sitting. I have made my call, found the old lady laid up and unable to see me, paid my respects to the companion and come away, and now I have an hour to wait for the train. I find it difficult to combine parish-calls, pedestrianism and economy. The pleasantest way to have made this call would have been with a horse and buggy. The next best to have made my call early and walked home. But the railroad method is the least satisfactory as I have too much time for the call alone and not enough for a good long walk. However, I have had much time out-doors, have seen many pretty spots, and have had a sort of a chat with you, so I ought not to complain. I hope, however, before one month from now to be having much more satisfactory talk with you in still more lovely scenes.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, July 24th, 1885.

. . . It gave me great pleasure because you said you liked my letter. It was not really necessary because I should have known it if you had not said so, — I have entire faith in your sympathy. Yet it was very nice to have you say so. I write so many letters that I get a little afraid I may come to be a bore before I know it, and it is a comfort once in a while to have a positive downright hearty word about the matter.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, Feb. 25th, 1886.

. . . My busy-ness has been no more than the various engagements of which I have probably already told you. I had a course of 6 Sunday evening

lectures on Doctrine, largely attended by students, and now I am giving six of my lectures on Lyric Poetry Tuesday evenings at the College. I have my class of girls in English Literature every Wednesday, and two clubs, one every other Thursday and one every other Friday. These with my regular morning service are all nothing special or new, you see, but making up all together a pretty busy week. . . .

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, Mar. 24th, 1886.

DEAR PRESCOTT AND ALICE:

ACCEPT my congratulations on the doubly eventful day which is drawing near. May it be as bright with sunshine as this one — on which I am writing — and as bright indoors with comfort and firelight as the sun can make it out-doors, and as bright within your hearts with the sunshine of mutual love as glowing noon or fireside warmth. I am very glad that it happened to you both to be born into the world before I left it, and that it occurred to you both to open your doors and your hearts so generously to me and to make me so at home under your roof — a member by election of your family. I hope the auspicious day will find you both well, and with the outlook upon life in all directions hopeful and animating.

I am rejoicing in the warm sun, for I know it will soon melt away the monotonous white snow, and bring back the dear familiar brown face of mother earth. I have got on all winter nicely without exercise, but as spring draws near I begin to realize what a privation it is. . . .



WINTHROP, MAINE, Aug. 5th, 1886.

DEAR ALICE:

YOUR letter of July 27th heaps coals of fire on my head. I don't know what to do with myself. I seem to have lost all power and possibility of writing letters, and at the same time all conscience about it. I regret it as I should regret blindness or a broken leg, but I have no feeling of reproach. I have not written because I could not write. I take my paper and my pen, but it is as if the ink were water, and the paper oiled; I cannot write. After about eight years of active letter-writing it seems as if now that chapter of my life were closed. I do not feel like making any apologies; if I lay on the sofa with a broken leg I should not apologize for not rising. I am sorry, yet "laetus." The time and energy I have hitherto used for letter-writing go into other things. I feel lonely sometimes and miss tidings of my friends, whom I love as much as ever. I am writing under a group of beeches, high up on the hillside, overlooking Lake Maranocook; little steamers and row-boats ply to and fro, the village nestles down under the hills at my right. There has hardly been an unpleasant day since I came here July 31st, but a few like to-day have been too hot to make walking attractive. The nights are always cool. The region round about is very pretty, — broad open hills with plenty of sky, numerous lakes, good roads. You remember, perhaps, my telling you of my having visited while at Aibling in Bavaria 70 different villages; here I have visited 20. I should like to be here in October. . . .

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, Jan. 25th, 1887.

. . . . .

LAST summer I was inveigled into one or two card parties, though I made no disguise of my distaste for cards. On one occasion I got so bored and worried that my very face became a comic spectacle for all beholders, and when at last I broke out with the frank and desperate ejaculation: "I wish I was at home in bed," it produced a general laugh. Since then I have been exempted. I am writing at the dining-room table. I like a great table to write at, but the door is open into the other room where the fire is crackling and blazing nicely. I like to know where my wood grows. I have two lots; one from an island in the Androscoggin below Brunswick, where the tide comes and goes with a great rush, and another lot from a place about five miles above Brunswick, on the river where the rocks impede the current and make a sort of rapids; it is called Simpson's Rips, and is a very picturesque place. I scarcely ever bring in an armful of wood without thinking of the summers during which it was growing. Aaron Coulson — he is our sexton at church — is going to get me some more. We are nearly out, but the snow has been so deep at the gate and in the yard that he has kept putting it off. I told him to-day he must hurry up.

. . . . .

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, Mar. 28th, 1887.

DEAR ALICE:

I CERTAINLY did not mean to let your birthday go by without a greeting. I cannot account for my own conduct. I thought of you often and with as much affection as ever. If we had had a private telephone we might have had a talk. But so far as writing is concerned I seem to be possessed by "a dumb devil" who will not let me write. It is not that my sympathies are dead or dying; it is only that they *seem* to have lost the power of flight, of overcoming distance. With what is near at hand I seem to be coming into closer relations and getting more of a hold on Brunswick life. . . . It is not that time itself makes our sorrows less; the sorrow abides; but the duties and the interests of life call us out of ourselves and restore the natural balance of our spirits. . . . Don't give me up in despair. Write when you feel like it, for I do not give up hope that the time may come when my hand will regain its cunning, and I can write again as of old. It has not come yet. But it may come any day. Meantime be assured that *I* am not changed, however my habits in the matter of writing may have changed.

I am now and always with unaltered affection,

Your affectionate friend,

EDWARD C. GUILD.

BRUNSWICK, Dec. 22d, 1887.

It grieves me often to think how much I have disappointed my friends and am likely to disappoint them.

Yet when I think the matter over it seems to me I am to blame (if at all) more for leading them to entertain exaggerated expectations in former days than I am for any present remissness. I suppose I ought to have reflected that I could not keep on writing at the rate I used to, and so refrained out of caution. Indeed I did realize that I could not keep it up. But I had not cold-bloodedness enough then, when I had the leisure, to refuse to write, because I should be obliged to refuse some years later. So far as any inference regarding my life at present can be made from the fact that I don't write letters, it must be that I am busier, more interested in my work, and therefore happier. It may be that as I grow older, and live on longer in a little town, I grow narrower in the range of my sympathies, and colder in my affections. Certainly this is true that my life is monotonous and affords little material or stimulus for writing. I suppose it is good for me to go away as often as I can, yet I do not like to. I am working steadily and successfully, and any interruption breaks me up terribly. Visits to Boston are very unsatisfactory because necessarily so short. Yet as my sisters have arranged their family Christmas dinner for next Monday, I shall not fail, and if I can have a satisfactory interview with Mr. Reynolds it may prevent the necessity for my coming up in February. It is not impossible that a time may come again when I can write (last month I actually wrote eight letters); let us keep the way always open.

Your affectionate friend,

EDWARD C. GUILD.

BRUNSWICK, July 20th, 1888.

FRIDAY. — I went at 9 A. M. to Portland, where I called on Phelan and on Dr. Hill, and arranged with Harry Pierce for our excursion, and got home at 6 o'clock. Sunday I went up to Durham, and Monday morning had a beautiful walk over to Lisbon. Tuesday morning I went to Portland, and Harry and I took the boat to Orr's Island, which we reached about eleven. That afternoon we wandered about the island, and next day we were put over, by an old fisherman on to Bailey's Island, where we spent the whole day, exploring every nook and corner. Yesterday we started about 8.30 and walked up here, fifteen miles, getting here at 2.30, with about an hour out for dinner at the Gurnet House. The day was foggy and cool, and once or twice we even found it best to put up an umbrella, but it was a good day for walking, and we did not get in the least tired. I am greatly delighted. Walking has been such a pleasure and resource to me that I was quite cast down at finding how my walk in Brookline two weeks ago to-day had knocked me up. But I seem to have got used to it now. We had beautiful views of the ocean from Bailey's Island. I have found Harry a very pleasant companion. He is with me still, but will go home this afternoon.

BRUNSWICK, Oct. 1st, 1888.

DEAR ALICE:

It's just a month since I got your letter of Aug. 30th. I was delighted to get it, and could not have imagined *then* that it would be a whole month before I answered it. I got back here from Dublin Aug. 24th, moved

out of Mrs. Ridlon's Sept. 8th, moved (personally) into my old quarters Sept. 14th. All that time I seemed to be unsettled, living nowhere. I am beginning to get under way on the winter's work. It looks like a busy winter. Besides my Sunday's work, viz.: morning sermon, bible-class and evening lectures; and besides the three clubs to which I belong, I have undertaken a class in English Poetry, and contrary to all my habits and inclinations in the matter I am to be paid so much a head. I consented to this at the urgent request of the getters up of it. But it makes me feel frightened and anxious from the start. When I took no pay I was quite independent, and if the subject did not open freely and I had not much to say, I just said what I could and did not worry. Now I am bound to give them their "money's worth" every time. I feel very doubtful if I can do this, doubtful even if I can tell whether I am doing it or not. But perhaps it will all come right when we are once under way. They chose "Wordsworth, Southey, and Coleridge," and I shall have to ask you for my Wordsworth books. We begin next Tuesday, Oct. 9th. I enclose the original list as I wrote it at the time, with the things I have already got back crossed off. I am preaching now a course of sermons (there will be five, or possibly six) on your father's text: "he is losing his hold on the people because he preaches *too exclusively* on the inner relations of the soul to God." It rather shocked me when he said it, — it seemed so strange that a Christian minister should be blamed because he preached too much about the relation of the soul to God. But when I come

to dwell on each word of the text, I find that there is a lot of wisdom in it. My course is on "Man's duty to man," and has for text, "Leave thy gift before the altar and FIRST be reconciled to thy brother." . . .

BRUNSWICK, Oct. 7th, 1888.

I FIND all the books, etc., which I expected, and now I am all ready in good season, to start my class next Tuesday. That is, ready, so far as apparatus is concerned. My introductory lecture is not finished, and will not be till 4 o'clock Tuesday afternoon. It worries me greatly to be taking pay for my lessons, —I feel like a fraud. But I have this consolation that nearly all the girls know about what to expect. I am sure that I can give them as good papers on the subjects laid out as I have in former winters on other subjects without pay.

#### SYLLABUS OF A COURSE OF LESSONS IN ENGLISH POETRY.

##### WORDSWORTH, SOUTHEY, AND COLERIDGE.

1888.

- Oct. 9. Functions of Poetry.
- " 23. Wordsworth's Life as seen in his Poems.
- Nov. 6. Nature, Man and God in Wordsworth's Poetry.
- " 20. Wordsworth as a Scholar and a Critic.
- Dec. 4. Wordsworth's influence in Poetry and Criticism.
- " 13. Southey's Life as seen in his Poems.

1889.

- Jan. 1. Southey as a Scholar.
- " 15. Coleridge as a Scholar and Critic.
- " 29. Coleridge as Poet.
- Feb. 12. Wordsworth, Southey and Coleridge, compared.

BRUNSWICK, Jan. 31st, 1889.

DEAR ALICE:

I HAVE been delighted to hear from you again, and have often regretted that my total loss of the letter-writing impulse has put a check upon our correspondence. Of course I don't imagine for a moment that it is a final check, — it is only a passing thing, due no doubt to my greater absorption in the interests and occupations open to me here. The moment I am uprooted again, and free-footed as I was in Munich (or during my last years at Waltham), I shall be writing letters again with all my former eagerness. But it is not so much want of impulse this winter as it is want of time. I never was so busy in my life; not that I have so much more to do but that I am *doing it more*. Indeed I cannot stop to tell you how busy I am. My Sunday evening lectures, my lectures to my poetry class, my club on Shakespeare, these are the principal things. I belong to 8 clubs. I am to repeat the first five of my Poetry-class lectures, i. e., five on Wordsworth, at Memorial Hall in February and March, and they will require a good deal of additional work. On top of all this I have to give the Opening Address at the Medical School next week in place of Dr. Gerrish, who is ill and has gone South. Meantime I have made nearly 100 calls since January 1st. Of course I get no time to read, except what is directly to some special purpose. I have read a good deal for my poetry-lectures, but am becoming more degradedly ignorant than ever about the topics of the day. You with your John Graham Brooks, and Rose with her Fraülein Marchand are keeping up with



the world much better than I. But of course this cannot last. I get all through with Memorial Hall lectures March 19th, and with club work on Shakespeare March 14th, and then I shall have leisure to begin on a course of Sunday evening lectures between Easter and Whit-Sunday to begin April 28th; and, besides all this, we are getting out a pamphlet of the papers read at our Historical Society, and I am on the publishing Committee, which means a good deal of work in revising MS. and correcting proof.

My sending the Bowdoin Catalogue was partly with the view of grinding my own axe. Did n't it come beautifully flat? and don't you think the same piece of an old box would do to bring me the loan of Dr. Emerson's Medical Address, which you read to me by the side of Bateman's Pond? You see I only had three weeks to get up my Address (and they were weeks I had thought chock full before), so that a quotation or two out of that address (which rests in my memory with a strong and delightful general impression, but only vaguely in detail) would be most appropriate and comforting. The Address is to be one week from to-day. I have been trying to prefer this petition for the last fortnight, but have not caught the opportunity. Of course I have my Address well under way, on the Moral Life of a Physician, and it is no matter if you cannot grant my petition.

BRUNSWICK, Mar. 25th, 1889.

My impression is that I have never thanked you for sending me Dr. Emerson's Address. I read it again with the greatest interest. But by the time I got it

my own Address was pretty much written, and the style of it was so different that I could not make even the quotations which I had thought of making. My Address was that of a preacher, an outsider, to a set of students, and I said "you;" his was that of a doctor to his brother doctors, and he said "we." My Address was distinctively ethical and hortatory; his was intellectual (almost poetic) and by way of suggestion and intimate counsel rather than rebuke or exhortation. Reading it over, however, impressed me more and more with its merits. I hope he will write more frequently. I mail it to you to-day, and send with it our Historical pamphlet which is just out. If you do not care to keep it give it to the Concord Public Library. Now we, i. e., the Town, are beginning to make preparations for our Sesqui-Centennial on the 13th of June. I am the only minister on the Town's Committee (i. e., sub committee on Printing and Publishing). It will not be much work and will bring me pleasantly into connection with my fellow-citizens. I must soon go to work on six more Sunday Evening Lectures between Easter and Whit-Sunday. My Wordsworth's lectures have been remarkably well attended; one very stormy night only 100, but the other nights 250. Yesterday morning there were twenty students at church. We had a snow-shoe club (of elder people) this winter, but only managed to get out 5 times. Now the roads are getting settled, and one can walk; the birds came yesterday. I hope the sun will shine upon your birthday, and the birds usher it in with song — and that peace and happiness will reign in heart and home.

TO PRESCOTT KEYES.

June 14, 1889.

MURRAY's book on "Lowland Scotch" is very thorough and scientific, but it does not touch on the etymological history of a class of words which I am interested to investigate, words resembling modern German, which do not occur in any English of Chaucer's day or later. I suppose Mr. Murray and Mr. Bright would say that they were only superficial resemblances, and that it is mere trifling and fussiness to pay any attention to the subject. I resent this treatment; I claim that it is a very pretty problem; I demand a careful and respectful solution. I do not believe that my inquiry is one which merits only the contempt with which it is treated. I agree with George Borrow that the philologists are a mighty narrow set.

DUBLIN, August 6th, 1889.

DEAR ALICE:

It is very lovely here. I arrived in a hard rain Saturday night, then Sunday was fine, but yesterday again it rained till four; now to-day is cool and clear. I got a two hours' walk both Sunday and yesterday, and am getting over the dire effects of those three days in Boston, and am rather disappointed about it. For several years past I have thought of the days I

spent in the empty house at Otis Place as among the most delightful of the year; when I could load up every morning with books from the libraries and read all day and all night, at the rate of six volumes in the twenty-four hours. But I found this year that one must be in good condition and have favorable circumstances in order to enjoy even that. I shall still maintain that Otis Place is always cool. But I must acknowledge that the weather is sometimes such even there as to take the starch not only out of one's linen, but also out of one's mind and one's will.

I had a delightful visit from our friend Loammi G. Ware last week. He spent the night with me at Brunswick, and we had most animated talk for a long afternoon and evening. He saw on my table certain pamphlets you had given me, viz.: *The Story of a Concord Farm*, and the *Centennial Celebration*, and he coveted them. He made me read him my Address at the Medical School, and was much interested in what I told him about "The Man as a Doctor" (having just been reading "Emerson at Concord" and conceived a great admiration for the writer), and I told him I would tell you how eager he is to possess all three, though I said I doubted if they could be had. He does not seem to have got back his full strength after his illness of a year ago.

. . . . .

DUBLIN, Aug. 8th, 1889.

. . . . .

I HAD a good long walk on Tuesday and a long row on the Pond yesterday, and we are to go to drive to-

morrow. The region round about this place never looked more lovely, the richness and variety of the colors is wonderful, and the roads are in tip-top condition. I have plenty of books; at present I am reading "Emerson in Concord;" but nothing quite solid enough to last me three weeks; and I do not seem to be in the mood for novels. I find myself well disposed in the matter of correspondence and am hoping to make up arrears in various directions. My sisters fare extremely well, and as my appetite is good, I suppose I shall gain flesh perceptibly on my vacation. My head is full of plans for next winter. I wish I could show you the view from my window this minute. It is hard to stay in the house; and indeed I should write or read much more industriously if I could make up my mind to turn my back upon the view. As it is I must watch every passing cloud which casts its shadow on the landscape, and every passing cart too; the things which go on here in this quiet farming country are so much more interesting than the grocer's cart and express-wagon of a village like Brunswick, — at least to one who is unaccustomed to them.

BRUNSWICK, Jan. 24th, 1890.

DEAR ALICE:

It was very pleasant to get a nice long letter from you, like old times. Since Rose went up, a month ago, I have got quite into the way of writing again. I have so much leisure that it becomes once more possible. There are three girls' clubs reading under my guidance, but I do nothing except draw up the scheme and furnish the books. So that it does not

take nearly so much of my time as my English Literature class and lectures at the College did last winter. My own club too was so arranged this winter that each member reads but once, which greatly lightens the work in that. Everything is running very smoothly, and I dread the distraction of a Boston trip; it breaks me up, and I find it hard to get to work again when I come back. But of course in itself I shall enjoy it much.

BRUNSWICK, Mar. 26th, 1890.

DEAR PRESCOTT AND ALICE:

THIS is the birthday of the two of you (unless I have got my dates wrong as I am very apt to do), and I will not let it pass (although I have let it come) without sending you a greeting in grateful recognition of much kindness received at your hands in the past, in remembrance of many happy hours passed in your society both out-doors and in-doors, and in the hope that no absences or silences however long will prevent our picking each other up (when the opportunity recurs) just where we left off. I am more and more busy each winter here as my stock of old sermons and my supply of new ideas run lower and lower. My course of evening lectures has had smaller audiences and more praise than in previous winters. Our clubs are still going full blast and take a good deal of time and attention. I have not had any exercise since the snow came, as there has not been enough snow for snow-shoeing; and I look forward very eagerly to the day when the roads will get settled, though I fear it is some weeks off still. I hope you are having a

jolly winter, and that the years before you will be bright and beautiful.

Your affectionate friend,

EDWARD C. GUILD.

BRUNSWICK, Aug. 13th, 1890.

DEAR ALICE:

I WAS delighted to get your letter of August 3rd. I have been having you much in mind of late, as the season came at which I have been used to make such delightful visits to Concord, and the purpose has been growing in my thoughts to write to you. You say you fear that you are largely responsible for this long break in our correspondence; but certainly you are not wholly so; for under the usual condition of things I should certainly have written long ago. But I suppose the fact is that the longer the time is since one has been in active communication with old friends, and the longer the time one continues in more and more active communication with new friends, the more rapid is the transfer of interest and affection from the old to the new. It is not that I love the old less, but the new more; and more and more the new takes up all the room. For five years I have resisted this. I have tried to seal my heart against all warm regard for people here. I have felt like the robin in whose nest a cow-bunting has laid an egg. I did not want the thing to hatch, I did not want to feed it, but circumstances were too strong for me, — I had to, — and now behold the ugly monster begins to kick out the former inhabitants of the nest and my depraved heart begins to think him lovely. Of course this is

exaggerated. I do not mean that the old residents in the domain of my affections are thrust wholly out, only put into the background. It needs only a refreshing gleam of sunshine such as your letters cast, to bring them into full light again. But my time and my interest are more and more absorbed in people and events here; I concentrate thought and feeling more and more here. This is in itself good. I can be much more efficient here on that account. And I can only trust, as I said before (and I am glad you sent me the half-finished letter of June 9th because it shows me that you feel the same way), that we need not be afraid, even if long silence should occur, for when we are able to meet oftener things will come back to their old basis. I often remember with interest the fact that previous to 1879 a good many years had elapsed during which no communication passed between Warner and me. A well grounded friendship is capable of surviving great periods of inactivity, like a spider in a bottle, or a toad in a tree, coming out lively at last. However, I put great faith in the observance of birthdays. Once a year at least I propose to open communication with all old friends so that the links of the chain may never be quite broken. Not that I mean to confine myself to once a year with you. But that I keep my birthday list as a secure and lasting hold on all my friends (except, indeed, some new friends whose birthdays I never knew). Another thing I have to say is that the matter of letter-writing is largely subjective in all directions; the mood is on; the tide is full, and stays so for months; then it ebbs and leaves me high and dry. I have



nothing to say, and no impulse to spend my time in saying nothing gracefully and elaborately. This, you see, has nothing to do with personal relations; my regard for you may be both positively in itself, and relatively to other friends, exactly at the same point. But the trouble, the ban of silence, lies wholly in myself. I think it is hard for people to realize this. It is not that I care less, but that the impulse to *say* that I care is lacking. It is not that your sympathy is less precious to me, but that I am too much preoccupied, or too much depressed to seek for sympathy from anybody. However, all this talk is rather unnecessary, as I observe with satisfaction that there is not in your letter one word of reproach; therefore there need not be in mine one word of apology. The silence happened; let it go; we were both too much occupied in living to spend much time in telling about it.

2 OTIS PLACE, BOSTON, Oct. 9th, 1891.

DEAR ALICE:

I SHOULD be ashamed of my remissness in answering your most kind and welcome letters, were it not that my sins of omission are so many at this time that I can only harden my heart and wait. If I were to allow myself to be very sorry about them I should fall into confirmed melancholy. I have been here since Sept. 16th and am appointed to remain here till the year is out. I hope before that I shall be able to get out to see you, but at present I am so weak in the legs that I keep mostly at home. The Doctor gives me no medicine; but prescribes rest, so I lie on the

couch all day and read novels; although lately my head is so much more clear that I have taken to history (Fisher's "American Revolution," Roosevelt's "Winning of the West," etc., etc.). My friend Warner is here, and I see him almost every day. He does not care to walk much faster than I do, so we crawl out of an afternoon. He is almost the only person outside my family I have seen since I got here. Meanwhile, except for my muscles, I am perfectly well, and have no pain, so that all I have to complain of is my incapacity to effect anything. I feel like a cumberer of the ground, having really done nothing but eat, sleep, and amuse myself since the 12th of July last. This is all very well for a few weeks, but when it stretches out to half a year, it gets wearisome.

When you are in town, do come in and see me. I am almost always at home in the morning and always at home at lunch time, which is 1.30. I hope all is going well with you.

Affectionately your friend,

EDWARD C. GUILD.

2 OTIS PLACE, BOSTON, Jan. 14th, 1892.

DEAR ALICE:

It was cowardice pure and simple which prevented my coming yesterday. I was afraid of the ice, afraid of the rain, afraid of the cars, afraid of the men and women in the streets. The last six months has taken the snap out of me fearfully. I seem, as the phrase goes, to have "lost my grip," and I do not think I shall recover it now till I get back to Brunswick. When I was expecting to go in January my courage

rose, and I was in a good way to recover my mental tone. But when I got thrown back from that hope I seem to have lost all courage. I have not been out of the house for five days, and the stiffness of my muscles has returned upon me very much for want of exercise. When I wrote I hoped by being very positive and committing myself to a definite engagement that I could crowd myself into going to Concord, but it did not work. I hope you will forgive me. I think they must all see now that there is nothing for it but to let me go back in February. I am going to try to go out this morning, and shall get to see Prescott some day. Meantime believe me at heart, if not always in act,

Faithfully your friend,

EDWARD C. GUILD.

BRUNSWICK, Nov. 12th, 1892.

DEAR ALICE:

I WAS delighted to get your letter this afternoon; I had been hoping for one for some days. I can sometimes get along a good while without letters from you (as you saw last summer), confident that it will be all right in the end. But when once I begin to write them I want the letters to fly. But I can see how busy you must be. The prose of the early writers of the seventeenth century was not familiar to me. But now I have undertaken to conduct the work of the Crescent Club, in fact to take them as a class, attend the meetings and be paid for it — (that is, attend every other meeting), for I have induced them to

adopt a plan I have long urged on them, viz.: to have alternate meetings of sociability and gossip, and for study. When they have both the same evening there is not much study done. I am going to try my long-cherished scheme of studying English life by counties. It is an experiment, but my preparations for the first meetings are such as to make me quite hopeful of success. I shall begin with the northern counties and then take the eastern and southern. The first meeting (next Monday) will be introductory, to explain the plan and lay out the work. The next meeting will be on Cumberland and Westmoreland, and I have fifteen titles, i. e., fifteen volumes to put in their hands, out of which they are to extract material for some kind of report, written or otherwise.

1. Landscape, great estates, ruins, etc.
2. Character of people, local customs, dialects, etc.
3. Literature, novels, poetry, etc.
4. Noted persons, native or resident, etc.
5. Historic events, battlefields, etc.

We shall get on very well as long as we keep round the coast; there is something distinctive about each county, and almost always some strong and definite connection with literature. But the midland counties will be harder, and I do not know how to group them. Then it is always doubtful how much interest girls will feel in such a scheme. I thought my Mythology scheme would work well; but they were slow, and it dragged through two winters, and they gave it up because they were tired of it before they had finished

it. However, I can help somewhat by my own zeal in the matter, and I have a hope that it may run till we have finished the whole forty, which I think could be done in two winters.

Tell your father I think the bitterness of sectarian jealousy has largely departed from this village. Last Monday I read the poem for tableaux at the Rectory, in aid of the Episcopal School; next Monday I take charge of a club made up, all but three-fourths, of Congregational girls, and on Thanksgiving I am to preach the sermon at Union Services in the Methodist Church. I am glad Mr. Jackson's class opens so well; I am sure that he has valuable material to offer you, and it will pay to read all you possibly can in connection with the course. I will send my stuff some day; I always hate when I have written anything of that sort to have to tuck it away in a drawer where it can be of no possible use to anybody. But you seem to have enough on hand at present. Pray continue to keep me posted as fully as you can about Mr. Jackson's course. Next week will be a full week for me. Monday night I shall give to Crescent girls a regular lecture on methods of study.

BRUNSWICK, Dec. 8th, 1892.

DEAR ALICE:

I FORWARDED, by express, to P. K., 42 Court St., on the 25th of Nov. (I think it was), a package of MS., which I hope reached you all right. I ought to have written at the same time but neglected to do so. Now will you let me know, at your leisure, whether you got the package. It was not very valuable; but some-

how one hates to lose a MS.; it seems a part of oneself. I don't wonder Mr. Emerson and our Dr. Lord were so broken up by the fires which destroyed or at least mixed up their things; it makes confusion in the brain. I am very busy just now: two sermons next Sunday and Sunday after, and no old material now to fall back on. I preached the Thanksgiving Sermon a fortnight ago, and now it is printed, and I shall send you a copy. My work with the Crescent Club takes a lot of time, but it is very entertaining, and helps to make life busy and bright. . . .

BRUNSWICK, April 16th, 1893.

I got at last a batch of Danish books from the Harvard College Library, and found them very engrossing, so that for two days I did little else till I had read them through. Last week I went to Portland, passed the night at the Bellowses', and had a chance to interview the Danish preacher, who kindly gave me a lesson. I also found an intelligent Norwegian boy in Mr. Bellows' employ, who gave me further help, so that now I have quite an idea of how the language should be pronounced. . . .

BRUNSWICK, June 6th, 1893.

A PROJECT, of which I dare say I told you, of giving some readings came to ripeness, and I was busy preparing and carrying it out. My third and last reading comes this afternoon. I invited six clubs, and then

personally invited twenty-five or thirty other people, making about one hundred invited. I made no public announcement, but aimed to give the whole affair a strictly private character. I have held the readings in our Church Parlor at 4.30 P. M., and have had an audience of about 50 each time. I have read from Lewis Morris, William Watson, and Richard Hovey, and I think people have enjoyed it. Indeed, I feel since that I shall do it again next spring, if all goes well. . . .

BRUNSWICK, June 16th, 1893.

DEAR ALICE:

I AM obliged to write to you instantly, because I have just been reading something so altogether delicious that I must call your attention to it (tho' I dare say you have read it long ago); it is the "dialect" chapter, Chap. XV, in Mr. Higginson's "Concerning All of Us." I will not quote, but (if you have not already seen it) go to the Library at once and get it; you will read it in three minutes, and your heart will rejoice.

We are in the height of "the season" here. To-night is the High School Reception; Sunday is Baccalaureate Sermon, and then Commencement week; and then the Congregational Conference; and after that Rose departs and the Owens arrive. So much is going on that I do very little reading or studying. But I am making a beginning with Icelandic, and expect to devote myself to it in August. I have all the material on hand and mean to have a good time of it.

Your affectionate friend,

EDWARD C. GUILD.

BRUNSWICK, Feb. 21st, 1894.

DEAR ALICE:

It has really been very naughty of me to leave so long unanswered your welcome letter of Jan. 14th. The fact is that such an undertaking as this course of lectures I am giving, always terrifies me beforehand. I am bold enough about undertaking it, and I am bold enough when I get face to face with my audiences; but in the meantime I am in a state of abject terror. It is not that I work very hard: I waste an immense deal of time waiting until I feel like work, and all the while I am so conscious that I ought to be working that I take no pleasure in anything else. And in this frame of mind letter-writing is about impossible. But now, after my first three lectures are over, I begin to feel pretty confident that I can hold out to the end, and I trust I shall be able to throw off the sort of nightmare dread of utter failure which has oppressed me for the last six weeks. You see it is like this, I try to look at my lectures calmly and dispassionately, and the result is that I am ready to stake my reputation as a critic on the opinion that they are worthless, flat, poor, of no account. And yet on the other hand I cannot put out of sight the fact that three or four hundred people, including the Faculty, come night after night and listen to me for an hour with sustained interest, which would seem good evidence that they are not worthless. I am simply puzzled. How Hyde and Chapman and the rest can speak as they do, with such hearty approval of my lectures is something I cannot understand. However, it is very pleasant, and I am very thankful.



One thing which worries me is that I am to be paid for this course. You see I was not paid for my previous courses, and that gave me a sense of freedom. But now I am perpetually afraid that I am not giving money's worth for what is to be paid me.

I have the Crescent Club still once a fortnight in English counties. And I have given one evening a week for fifteen weeks to Icelandic with George Files, our Professor of German. Up to a few weeks ago I had a pupil in German three times a week and two in English Literature twice a week, but since my lectures began I have put them off. So you see I have had a busy winter. I have been in my own pulpit every Sunday since August, except one or two stormy Sundays when I had no congregation, and I have never yet repeated a sermon in this pulpit. In the last six months I have averaged thirty-five calls a month. I have read very little except in the special lines to which my occupations have led me. Mr. Birrell's last book I have enjoyed immensely; Lowell's letters I read with great interest — Dr. Gray's also — and a very interesting French book on Ethics which Hyde lent me. I am a good deal at the Library working up my lists for the Crescent Club. Mr. Little means to print a few in the next Bulletin as a sample of what the Library can do on such a theme, and I am very glad to have even a bit of the work go into a permanent form.

My sister's death is a sad loss to us all, but it will make no external difference. My sister Harriet will retain the home, and it will still be a home to us. Rose has been with her ever since, and will probably

be much with her. Lizzie was seventy-two, and although her illness had been short, it was of so critical a nature that we were quite prepared for the end. Her life had been a beautiful and harmonious one; her own faith was clear and she did not dread death. And so the feeling in our hearts is one of peace and thankfulness. It makes me feel old, as those whom I have been wont to lean on pass away. There is now no one older than myself to whom I am accustomed to go for counsel. But that is in the order of nature, and the time is short for me. My Lily has a little girl, and I hope I may live long enough to see my grandchild some day.

#### BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

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A course of seven lectures upon American Authors will be given by the Rev. Edward C. Guild, in Memorial Hall, at eight o'clock, on successive Tuesday Evenings, beginning February 6th.

Those receiving this notice, with friends, are respectfully invited to be present.

The subjects of the lectures will be as follows :

February 6th . . . . .	Irving.
February 13th . . . . .	Bryant.
February 20th . . . . .	Longfellow.
February 27th . . . . .	Lowell.
March 6th . . . . .	Emerson.
March 13th . . . . .	Hawthorne.
March 20th . . . . .	Thoreau.

February 1st, 1894.

NORTH PEMBROKE, Feb. 29th, 1896.

I SHOULD have liked much to spend my birthday under your roof. But we have Town-meeting on Monday, and I have to say a word in behalf of the Public Library, and on Tuesday I have to read an Essay at an Association meeting at Plymouth, so that this week I have been busy. But my birthday has not been forgotten. I got a greeting and a box of candy from my sister and Rose, and a note from my last "best girl," Miss Marian Little, aged 9 (I gave her "Little Alice" on her birthday and she was bright enough to appreciate it), and last night 30 of my parishioners came to congratulate me, and left a nice sum of money to buy books. . . .

NORTH PEMBROKE, March 24th, 1896.

DEAR ALICE:

YOUR recollections of my birthday gave me so much pleasure that I must not fail to remember yours. I wish for you and Prescott all prosperity and happiness in the coming year and many returns of the auspicious day. I carry in my memory always delightful pictures of your home, and the hope of getting there again and again, is one of the things that makes life worth living. But the fulfilment of that hope does not seem to be very near. . . .

I am writing some lectures, and the last comes next Sunday, and remembered at the last moment to go to the Athenæum and consult Poole's Index for reviews of the books I was at work on. I got some capital points; and it took all the time I had left. I

also plan to give some readings in poetry in May, on a week day evening. I am not doing any systematic study, but keep on with Latin, and have now some Norwegian books on hand. I bought Saintsbury's "Nineteenth Century Literature" last week, and find it an interesting review of the period; rather sketchy, but bringing things together in suggestive groups. But my great pleasure is in receiving and answering letters. Lately I have been busy with my lectures, but now that I have the end in sight, I am enjoying the privilege of answering some letters that have accumulated on my table.

I hope you are well and that all is going well with you. I want to hear what you are doing and what you are reading. With much love and congratulations to you and Prescott,

I am faithfully yours,

EDWARD C. GUILD.

HOMBURG VON DER HÖHE, Nov. 22d, 1897.

As I have had little leisure for books or pen for many months previous, I find the quiet welcome. I have read Carlyle's "Friedrich" (13 vols. of Tauchnitz), and thirty novels in the last six weeks; novels mostly not worth reading. I have a little dialect work on hand, but no books of reference to be had here; this is a most un-literary place. The town is a great resort for gayety and fashion in summer, but quite deserted in winter; great hotels shut up, rows of villas closed, streets (except the main business thoroughfare) as empty by day as by night, like a theatre after the

audience has departed. But the scenery is pretty, and while the air was clear and the afternoon long enough, I quite enjoyed walking; now, however, November fogs have set in, the days are too short for long walks. When we left Berlin we expected to return in a little while, and I left most of my books and papers, — among them my unanswered letters, so that I have not yours at hand to reply to it in detail. But I enjoyed every word of it, and I am very hungry for news from home. In the last four months I have had but four letters from America (besides Rose's letters). Of course this is my own fault; angelic generosity is not to be expected of human people; to write to one who makes no reply would be super-human generosity.

I said most of my thirty novels were not worth reading, but the one I have just finished this evening has left a really pleasant impression, — Black's "Shandon Bells." I think I like stories that are pleasing, even if a little weak, better than those that are strong and disagreeable, and I mean now to try a lot of modern German novels. I wish I were in Concord and had the run of the Library there, — would n't I revel in it. Do tell me what you have been reading and doing.

Nov. 24th. — This letter did not get mailed yesterday because I did not have a stamp handy. I went into Frankfort early, accomplished nothing except an hour at the dentist's. Frankfort is a lively little place of which I am very fond; good cafés and restaurants; shopping pleasant and easy; streets full

but not crowded; people good-humored and accommodating; good libraries; good second-hand book stores. I did not get to the libraries, but shall on Friday, when I have to go again to the dentist's; found nothing I wanted at the book stores. . . .

BRUNSWICK, June 16th, 1898.

. . . . .  
I HAVE had a very good time here, but it is all too short, and I shall have to leave many friends unvisited, which grieves me; and I have only made a beginning in my catalogue. But I have got very tired, and it is time I broke away. But the Congregational people have given me a Sunday in vacation, so I am sure of coming back. Last night I took the prayer-meeting on the hill; this afternoon I go to the Unitarian Alliance meeting.

BARNSTABLE, Mar. 24th, 1899.

. . . . .  
If one has a cheerful spirit there is much to enjoy, even when one is not strong; more leisure for books and for thought. I have just been reading a book by François Coppée on the blessings of suffering; for him it proved the means of a renewal of religious faith. For me, however, my religious life is so bound up with my professional life, that when I am cut off from professional duty, it is more apt to relax than to grow, especially as I have had no suffering and no cause for anxiety, nothing to brace me. I am still in great doubt about my duty in the future; I miss your father's counsel. . . .

## TO MISS MABEL SOPER.

MUNICH, March 24, 1881.

MY DEAR MABEL:

It comes to me as a most welcome privilege that I may add your name to the list in which I take such pride and satisfaction — and that I may look forward to corresponding with you for many years to come, — for I always feel that when people have known each other long enough and care enough about one another to begin writing letters to each other, then the relation of friendship formed between them is too real and solid to be lightly broken. And I have found that it is possible to keep a friendship quite positive and actual without any great effort. I have a friend living in Dresden whom I have known for thirty years, — and sometimes five or ten years would go by without either of us writing, — and then when he came to Boston I would go to see him two or three times a week — and now that we are not far from one another here we write often. But I do not mean by that to warn you to expect a ten years' silence on my part. I only mean that when I once begin, I do not easily let go, and that after I have written your initials on a little slip of paper along with certain other equally significant initials, I shall not let any period of silence on your part or mine prevent my

renewing the correspondence when opportunity and impulse concur. . . . To write as I like to do, I want a clear two hours before me. Then I can give myself up to the thought of the person to whom I am writing. Why, I can see you as plainly as if it were yesterday — as you lay on the couch upstairs when you were beginning to get well. I shall not soon forget the sense it gave me of the nobleness and dignity of human nature to see how your spirit triumphed over the body, how your will and your affections were victorious over pain. You struck a very high keynote that time, and those who love you can hardly wish anything more than that your after-life may fitly accord with the spirit of those days — and whoever wants to help you, can perhaps do it best by manifesting a steady and unwavering confidence that *it is so and will always be so*. If you should ever drop into frivolous ways and seem to be living a poor and profitless life (and we must all expect *some* ups and downs) it shall be my part to show you a clear, steadfast confidence that the noble standard of living which you have once set up will always maintain its sway, and that even if you are for a time forgetful and recreant, you will be at last loyal and true. . . . I have a good deal of running about to do, and the one thing which rests my mind and gives me pure delight is letter-writing. It is my chosen recreation. And when the way has once been opened, and the little invisible bond of connection established which a single interchange of letters makes, I do not readily allow the way to be closed again and the bond broken. . . .



June 22, 1881.

. . . . .  
I THANK you for all the news you gave me. But what interests me most is what you say of your own studies and interests, and your views of life. You say you shall read "Vanity Fair" on top of the "Vicar of Wakefield," — points of contrast you will find in plenty; tell me if you find also some points of resemblance. I am glad you are to be under the personal tuition of Mr. — and Miss — next year. I think one learns almost as much thro' the influence and example of persons, as from books.

AIBLING, OBER-BAYERN, Sept. 30, 1882.

. . . . .  
I QUITE agree with your judgments of the stories you have been reading. I cannot but admire Mr. Howells's skill and cleverness in the construction of his stories and in the delineation of his characters, and especially I admire the purity of his style; but there is an ungenerous tone about his writings which always hurts me, — he puts his characters in awkward, embarrassing positions, and then sneers at them. I think the "Lady of the Aroostook" a thoroughly mean book. His literary skill hardly atones for his want of breadth and nobleness in treating social life; he is subtle, but not generous. . . .

MUNICH, March 26, 1883.

MY DEAR MABEL:

It was a great pleasure to me to get your very interesting letter of Feb. 25. You need not, however, take

any trouble to apologize to me for not writing sooner. It is only people who have little else to do who can write as often as I do, and I only respect and admire you the more because you are too busy to write, — i. e., when there is no higher end to be gained than mutual entertainment. If you are ever in any trouble or perplexity, and it should seem to you easier to talk it over with some one very far off, whom yet you trusted and could confide in, then make time, take time away from more immediate duties, and write to me, and I will devote myself to giving you such counsel as I may, or at any rate such strength as comes from sympathy.

It is delightful to me to have you talk of books as you do. I have often (and do now) experienced the feeling you speak of in buying books. I become first acquainted with an author thro' libraries or by borrowing; then at last I buy some favorite book of his, and from that time I seem to have established a sort of personal relation with him; he is like a friend; my relation with him is more close and intimate than before. Especially do I feel this when I can put his memoir on my shelves by the side of his works, as it is nowadays so easy to do. On this account I often "weed" my library and give away or sell such books as have found their way on to my shelves, without winning any love or honor from me; altho', to be sure, I keep a good many merely because they once belonged to people whom I loved and honored. Have you read George MacDonald's story, called "Adela Cathcarte"? He speaks there pleasantly of the way in which you can often judge a man's mode of

thinking and the tendencies of his life by looking at the books on his shelves. But altho' I share the feeling you speak of, yet I am happy to say it is possible to learn to love an author and feel a sense of personal friendship with him, without owning his books. . . . I shall take great pleasure some day in looking over your collection; the order in which books stand on a shelf is to me a matter of great significance, — they may be placed so as to form a discord, or they may make a perfect symphony. Of course outward shape must sometimes interfere with the carrying out of this theory of inward harmony; but this difficulty must be dealt with as piano tuners deal with what used to be called the "wolf-tone," — it must be distributed, — i. e., the discord must be so managed as to be felt in a slight degree in a great many places and nowhere very conspicuously. But when I talk about books I get garrulous and must take some other subject. . . .

March 29.

To return once more to the subject of books in a different connection: I am glad you like Macaulay. He is specially a man whom one learns to understand and appreciate much better after reading his biography. Trevelyan's Life of him was one of the most entertaining books I ever read. And now I wish much to see Mr. Cotter Morrison's briefer one. I was much interested in a review of it in the *New York Nation* in Feb.; especially in what was said of the necessity of viewing his History of England as a fragment, I think that a very acute and helpful bit of criticism.

He speaks too of the noble and self-sacrificing patriotism of Macaulay in a most delightful way. As a man, Macaulay was somewhat more than Scott. Scott was amiable; one cannot help loving him; but he was sometimes almost painfully weak. You say you are going to read "Kenilworth." We tried it for loud reading this winter; but after we had gone about half through I voted it so needlessly and distressingly painful that we finished, each one alone; and since then we have been so much more gay and sociable that we have had no more evenings for such purposes. I know "Kenilworth" ranks as one of the best of Scott's novels, but it is to me one of the least agreeable. I do not like to be asked to keep company too much and too exclusively with villains; and if I must, I would rather they should be outright acknowledged villains such as we had been reading about in "Great Expectations" and "Our Mutual Friend" earlier in the winter, instead of such varnished rascals and hypocritical sinners as Varney and Foster. And in "Kenilworth" the better characters such as Tressillian and Essex seem disproportionately weak and wanting in effective force. . . .

March 30.

ON some accounts I like to have a letter to a dear friend a long time on my table and write, now and then, a few words more. It is like paying them a visit of several days, and living in the house with them instead of merely making a single call; there is a sense of sustained and continuous companionship. But on the other hand, when I have written a page or

two I am always eager to send it off. I want my friend to know and see that just then I was thinking of her, and so I shall bring this to an end to-day, and take it to the mail. If you have no objection I should like to have you tell me your birthday. There is something very pleasant to me in the German custom of remembering birthdays. At home that always means a "present," and I never could afford that, so I used to shut my eyes to the whole thing. But here it means just a call, or a greeting sent by post. For me it is pleasant to know the day, if it be only that I may think of you when it comes, and think with joy and pride of your regard for me. . . .

With best wishes for your health and happiness  
I am

Very truly your friend,  
E. C. GUILD.

MUNICH, July 10, 1883.

EVERY line of your letter is so full of suggestion that I shall have to write you several letters before I can properly answer it. You look at everything so freshly and with such keen interest that it is a real delight to talk with you; nothing is stale and dull and prosy, but all bright and full of meaning. So it ought to be all through life, and it is our own fault if it is not so; but in fact most people, after they come to be about thirty years old, grow practical and narrow and cold, their interests are few and not very strong, and they afford but little inspiration and

stimulus to their friends. That seems to me one of the most beautiful functions of friendship: that you should keep your heart so fresh and your interest in life and what it offers so eager and keen, that you may be able to impart to those, who are blessed with your regard, something of your own spirit. . . . What you undertake when you honor me by writing to me is to give me a picture of your mind, your life, yourself, as I should see you if I were with you; that, I take it, is what a letter means,—to convey, as nearly as one can do it in the unavoidably self-conscious process of writing, the same impression which one would spontaneously make in conversation, through freely-spoken words and through looks and motions too. Now most letters are mere sketches, or memoranda; your letter is a generous, faithful study, and every line tells. A letter always strikes me as having more or less the character of a work of art. Some are dashed off carelessly with bright ease; others are more skilfully handled, and show what the artists call a good “technik;” others again are too minutely and precisely wrought. I have a friend, a gentleman of my own age, who writes to me often, — always exactly eight pages of note paper in a hand as small as mine, — and (as I write) I have had the curiosity to count the erasures and alterations in his last three letters, — in two there were twenty, and in the other thirty; it interests me in his case; he makes a study of style, but I should think in general that that was being over careful. . . . I thank you for telling me your birthday. They print the “saints’ days” here in the calendars in red letters. I have a little private

calendar of my own, — a birthday list; the days I keep as sacred to my special friends, — and now I shall have a new holiday to add to the number which I never had before. . . .

July 11, 1883.

MY DEAR MABEL:

YOUR opinions about books interest me extremely, and I shall try to respond carefully to all the points you have opened. You had no reason to smile with any sense of absurd contrast when you read what I wrote about your books and then looked up at the shelf and saw how few there were. The Royal library of 900,000 volumes here gives me no idea of the King's taste in literature; I would rather see the twenty volumes that he may happen to have on his table at this time; they would reveal his real interests. And most probably the few books which one chooses out of many are more significant of character than the large number which one accumulates as the years go by. I have not seen the new "Famous Women" series of which you speak, but I can well imagine how interesting it must be. I never read the life of Emily Brontë; but if you are interested in the Brontë family, you must read Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë," a most charming book. Read, too, all Mrs. Gaskell's stories; her "Cranford" is a book "sui generis," — I know but two to compare with it, — Miss Mitford's "Our Village" and the "Ladies of Bever Hollow," by Mrs. Manning. Perhaps some of Miss Jewett's books might be worthy to put in the same category. It is a class of books of which I

am very fond, — minute studies of social life. But "Cranford" stands a long way ahead of any of the others. You ask me if I know any good life of Hawthorne. I think no adequate biography of him has ever been written. Mr. James' book is an exceedingly brilliant piece of writing and full of suggestion, but very one-sided. Mr. Lathrop's contains much information, but is too diffuse and lacks discrimination. Hawthorne's Note-books and the autobiographical portions of his writings, however, render a life of him less important. Mr. Aldrich's book I have not seen, but I shall be curious to see it when I come home, because Ponkapog is a place which is very dear to me, and I am grateful to Mr. Aldrich for giving the name a place in literature, tho' I dare say there is less about the little village than in some of his earlier ones. I was entertained with what you said about "Henry Esmond," — it is a favorite novel of mine, but I can well understand your not liking it at first, the antiquated style seems like affectation, the mixture of cynicism and sentimentalism seems superficial and heartless, and one resents being led to admire and love a person who acts so badly as Beatrix. I think a taste for Thackeray has to be acquired like the taste for olives, but it lasts as well. I don't quite go so far, however, as the fourteenth or the twentieth reading; it is a work of art rather than of inspiration, and such oft-repeated reading should be kept for the very noblest and most inspired productions of genius. I read it only a short time ago, and I was surprised to see how much bad grammar he allows himself; the style is wonderful; it should



be carefully studied, but it is not in all respects to be imitated. I like Miss Yonge's stories very much, especially these later ones, in which she has taken her subjects from English History. The passage which I referred to before confirms what I have said in this letter: "Let me see a man's bookshelves, especially if they are not extensive, and I fancy I know at once, in some measure, what sort of a man the owner is." It is not the number, it is the quality which is significant. It is strange to think in this day of cheap literature, when every one reads so much, how few people comparatively really care for books, or choose their reading intelligently. That's one thing which makes this letter of yours so supremely delightful to me, — you speak of the books you read as if they had reality, character, significance to you. You do not read them merely as a step in education, you don't read them for mere entertainment or pastime; you read them as works of art, having each a character of its own, as expressions of the spirit and life of the author, with whom you come into real acquaintance and fellowship. I must quote another bit of Macdonald because your letter seems to me to show that you are in sympathy with it. "Every life that has to be lived, can be lived; and however impossible it may seem to the onlookers, it has its own consolations, or, at least, interests. And I always fancy the most indispensable thing to a life is, that it should be interesting to those who have it to live. It is just like reading a book; anything will do if you are taken up with it."

. . . . .

MUNICH, July 13, 1883.

My DEAR MABEL:

I LIKE all that you say about your plans. It is good to have a pretty definite but very lofty aim, to be reached far off in the distant future, and then, nearer at hand, a *very* definite and quite practical and practicable aim, which may be regarded as one step to it. The far-off aim serves always for inspiration, — to keep up hope and enthusiasm; the immediate aim serves to give one the sense of power, — of being able to accomplish something at least, of making progress. . . . I hope you will get the right master. On many accounts I think a school is better, because there one master counteracts the peculiarities and eccentricities of another and prevents their having an excessive and distorting influence on the pupil. Besides the “atmosphere,” the general opinion in a school of young people all pursuing the same study is a very important and significant thing. On the other hand, if one studies with one teacher alone, in order to get any good out of him, one must obey him conscientiously and not resist him; and if he has any weaknesses or mannerisms it is hard not to be influenced by them. And unfortunately, the men who are most free from such defects, who produce the work most worthy of imitation, are very often extremely poor teachers, — have no gift for imparting what they know. You know what Mr. Hunt used to say: “Charcoal is the best master;” i. e., as I understand it, use a material that allows of rapid and easy erasure and alteration, and work for effects of simple form, and of light and shade, and of tones and values

without positive color, and keep at it, make dozens of sketches in a day, have your pencil constantly in hand, — make, as my friend Currier here at Schleissheim does, fifteen sketches during one sunset, and so let nature teach you.

Now I believe I have said all I have to say in direct answer to your letter. Would it have been better if I had kept it all together and put it into one envelope? Perhaps. But then that would not be *my way*. As I tell you, I regard every letter as a little miniature “work of art,” — it has its just and due proportions like a poem, a picture or a statue; it has its beginning, middle and end, like a little drama; and it must not be patched and seamed, it must not be spun out; when the natural and fitting end has come, then “vale” must be spoken and the sheet folded and the envelope closed; if there is more to be said it must be put into another letter, tho’ it be written the same day. . . .

MUNICH, August 16, 1883.

I CANNOT help “idealizing” you. I sit here alone in my room and read your letters and remember you as I used to see you a child in Waltham, and then in your sick room. If you put yourself in my place, you will see that it is natural that my imagination should play about your image and make an ideal creature, somewhat different from the real. Perhaps if I were with you every day and you managed to be very naughty you might alter my idea of you. But at this distance, and only with pen and ink, I am afraid you

cannot do much with me. I shall keep on thinking of you now, after getting this letter, just the same as I did before. Of course I know very well that no one can keep his life all the time, night and day, year in, year out, up to his highest level. I can understand that after your accident, under the bracing influence of pain, and sustained and excited by sympathy and admiration, you struck a higher note of noble self-abnegation, gracious dignity, and maidenly loveliness than you have been able to maintain. But you could not have done it if the possibility had not been in you. And I am not "misunderstanding" you if I insist on seeing in you still what I saw in you then. Or, if you please, my view of you is prophetic. I see you something as you will be a hundred years hence, when you have conquered all the enemies of your soul's peace and taken your place among the other freed souls who have been made perfect by suffering. This ought not to discourage or displease. What I want is to stimulate and encourage you, to make you believe, not that you have attained, but that you can attain. I want to make you say: "Yes, he sees what is in me; and although I am not all that yet, I will be bye and bye, and I will accept the homage as paid not so much to what I am as to what God is making me, what I am becoming under God's guidance and help."

But, do you know, I like you all the better now that it is brought clearly to my perception that you have to struggle to maintain a high and noble character. If such a character had been an outright gift of God, — yours, as we say by nature, — it would still have

been beautiful, but not so beautiful as it will be when won by long and patient endeavor. And I like better to think that I may perhaps help you in winning it, than to find my part wholly in admiration. . . .

Aug. 19.

I HAVE waited for the opportunity to go on with my letter, but I am really very busy; besides my work for Bruckmann, I have a pupil who must learn English in a month; he is a young banker of good family, and goes to London in September; he comes to me therefore twice a day, at 7 A. M., for an hour, and at 7 P. M., when (as I am as much interested as he) he generally stays several hours; in this way I lose the chance to write in the evening. When he does not come, as, for example, yesterday, I take the opportunity to get a little walk. I took the cars — a ten-cent fare — to the second station from the city, which landed me at the pretty little village of Aubing; I walked to the next village, Lochhausen, and back, sitting some time under a tree on the edge of a wood where the land first began to rise from the plain. The city lies in a great plain, and the village I had visited is on the west, — the mountains are to the south, about thirty miles away, — and on the north the plain extends much further, so that the view of the sky and the far-reaching horizon was very beautiful. The city itself cannot be seen unless one gets up on a higher hill than I was on, because on a level, even low objects in the foreground shut it out; only the

towers of the Frauenkirche loom up like a light-house at sea, and can be discerned from almost all directions. But when I got home, altho' I had looked forward to a long talk with you, and it was early, I found I was tired and could not write. As I write, the bells of the church close by are ringing for early service — 8.30 A. M. — and I wish I were going to preach to you this morning in the church at Waltham, or, better yet, to sit with you and talk. In such a question, so much turns upon feeling that it is difficult to give true help by letter. I believe that the Communion is a very great help and comfort and joy to those who partake in it. And the only condition that has seemed to me requisite for becoming a communicant is — that you should *want to very much*. We must not wait for a well-developed and firmly-established Christian character, for the Communion is a means to that, and, I could almost say, a necessary one. We must not wait for a clear and full apprehension of all points of faith, for in these days of free discussion, it may well take a wise and thoughtful person a whole lifetime to reach that. All I ask is that people should be able to say: I feel so much the need of help and companionship in efforts after right living; I desire so greatly to come into closer fellowship with Christ and with those who love him, that I long for union with the church. I cannot feel contented and at peace till I attain it. Then I say that is enough. It is a matter of feeling. If your gratitude to Christ and your desire for union with him and with them that are his are really strong and from the heart, then there are no further questions

to be asked; you *belong* already to the real church, and the outward connection with the visible church is only putting a visible seal upon an inward reality. As to the question of sects and denominations, it does not interest me much. I have always found myself at home and at peace in the church in which my father and mother brought me up. . . . And if you have begun to question and investigate as to the creeds of different sects, you must not allow yourself to feel hurried; it is a long and tedious undertaking, and you must give yourself plenty of time. I wish I were there to help you; but at this distance I cannot be of much service on such a point. Only it may help you to write out fully what you are thinking and feeling, and you may be sure of my deepest sympathy.

. . . . .

MUNICH, August 22, 1883.

I AM always very much interested in what you say about books. "Romola" is indeed a sad book, but it is a noble tragedy, and it is a wonderful piece of historic painting, — you seem to be living in the old time and to see and hear the people of a former day. It is a book of great power and written in a very clear and beautiful style. Miss Fuller's "Memoirs" and her "Papers on Literature and Art" are favorite books of mine; she was a born "critic" in the highest sense; she had a keen eye and a nice ear and a discerning heart for finer beauties and deeper truths than those that catch the eye of the ordinary reader.

If one comes into strong sympathy with her, one learns to read her favorite authors with better understanding, and to find much in them one had never found before. Bulwer's earlier novels I have never read; they have always repelled me; but his later ones, "The Caxtons" and "My Novel," are favorites of mine. They are extremely entertaining, and have a sound and wholesome moral tone which I find wanting in his earlier books sometimes. "Jane Eyre" is a powerful book; it deals with delicate subjects in a rather daring way; it thrusts aside and overrides conventionalities which are perhaps but the expression of the higher universal instincts of the race, and therefore to be respected; it is a book which is apt to unsettle one's notions for a time; but I do not think it will do you any harm. I agree with you in disliking "exciting" books; they put me out of tune with duty, and make me restless and discontented (or rather they used to, for I do not find any such nowadays). There are so many interesting books to be read that I never read novels except when I am ill or very tired and cannot fix my mind on anything better. It is vacation with you, and I have always felt that vacation, as well as times of illness, was an appropriate occasion for novel-reading. I hope you will try "George Macdonald;" you will not find the Scotch troublesome; and you will meet with many valuable suggestions and much true religious feeling. But why do you take a novel for your "club" reading, — especially such a very modern novel? In reading aloud, you want, I think, something really worth careful attention. I should think the memoirs



you have been reading much more suitable. If I were only at home, I would ask you to appoint me "counsellor" or "purveyor" to your club; but alas! I am too far off to make it practicable — and perhaps some younger man has already received the appointment. Did you ever read "Our Sketching Club," by St. John Tyrwhitt? It has a very pretty love-story, capital advice about sketching, and shows exactly the sort of relation I would like to sustain to your reading club. All Tyrwhitt's books are interesting. . . .

MUNICH, Sept. 3, 1883.

DEAR MABEL:

A FRIEND of mine, knowing that I am very fond of the writings of Thoreau, sent me a paper the other day containing a part of the extracts from his MS. journals, read by Mr. Blake at Concord. Among them I found this passage, which reminded me of the talk we had been having: "My friend is one who takes me for what I am. A stranger takes me for something else than I am. We do not speak, we cannot communicate till we find that we are recognized. The stranger supposes in our stead a third person whom we do not know, and we leave him to converse with that one. It is suicide in us to become abettors in misapprehending ourselves." I quite agree with this if the stranger seems to take me for something radically different from what I am. But if he, recognizing the true tendency of my life, interpreting my aims, my hopes, my desires aright, merely pays me the compliment of supposing that I have carried the development of my real purpose further

than I actually have, I find nothing repellant or disturbing in that. I am simply grateful to him, and set myself to work to justify his good opinion as rapidly as possible. Thoreau sometimes exaggerated in order to be forcible. But he always makes one think. It is no idle and barren amusement to read his writings, but they rather set one to examining himself, to see if all be genuine and sound and healthy within. Yesterday I met the first really bright and cultivated young German lady I have seen. She is a dear friend of friends of mine. She is a governess in a noble family, and is only here for a few weeks on her vacation. She had been reading a volume of Thoreau which I had lent to Frau Killiani, and expressed herself strongly in opposition to some of his views of friendship. She has agreed to correspond with me, — so that when I get home I may not wholly lose the practice of writing letters. I am to introduce her to American literature, of which she knows but little. . . .

Oct. 16, 1883.

YOUR letters are to me merely the medium by which your thoughts, your feelings, your character express themselves to me, — and what consequence is it that you occasionally mis-spell a word, or use an expression which the classical masters of English style would have avoided. Turn the matter round, — would it make any difference to you in getting my letters if I sometimes forgot to dot my i's or to cross my t's, or if my style were too involved or too dis-

cursive for elegance? What we both want, I take it, is to get at each other's thought, to help each other in growth of mind and character, to comfort and refresh each other by simple, direct and open expression of what is in us; and I hope that you will come, in course of time, to write to me without hesitation or second thought, just as (I am sure) you would talk to me, if we could be together. You will learn, bye and bye, that I like to use a great many words and to say a great deal more than is necessary to convey my meaning. I do not say anything which I do not really mean. But I like to put my meaning in a vivid and striking way, — to expatiate upon my feelings; it may not be the best way, but it happens to be my way, and it is not a bad way; only what I say is not to be read with a microscope.

. . . . .

Oct. 17.

DEAR MABEL:

I AM much interested in your judgment of books, and should like immensely to have a long talk with you about what you have been reading; but, alas! I have neither the time, nor even the patience to write out all I want to say. You think Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë" too long and full, and you hold that the book would have had a finer literary form, more absolute proportions, if much had been omitted. You may be right, it is a long time since I read it; but you must remember that you are liable to form your theory of what makes a true biography on a narrow basis, because your shelves are getting filled with

what are, properly speaking, essays or abridgments rather than biographies, — viz.: the “English Men of Letters” and the “Famous Women” series. You must remember that Mrs. Gaskell wrote at a time when the recognized standards of biography were such books as Boswell’s “Life of Johnson,” or, more recently, Lockhart’s “Life of Scott,” or Moore’s “Life of Byron,” — eight and ten volumes long. But the subject is too wide for me to discuss. I admit that there can be perfect biographies in little space, like Carlyle’s “Life of Sterling;” but where a biography includes correspondence, like the “Life of Cowper” and the “Life of Southey,” I, for my part, cannot have too much. We really ought to have two separate words, — Biography or Life, for a full and elaborate account, and Memoir or Sketch or Reminiscences for such books as the “Men of Letters” and “Famous Women.” To me the lives of literary men and women are the most interesting of reading, — the next best thing after good talk and genial correspondence. Autobiography in particular I find delightful, and the only German books I have really come to care for much are of that class. . . .

MUNICH, Dec. 20, 1883.

DEAR MABEL :

I DON’T know how you feel about the subject which you had for your Exhibition part at the High School. Sometimes when one has been brought by accident or by arbitrary command into relation with such a subject, one hates the very sight and sound of it for ever after. Sometimes, on the other hand, it becomes

a pet topic for life. I don't know how it is with you, but I find that I involuntarily think of you whenever I come across anything about the theory, the history and the influence of fiction. I am alone here now for a few weeks, and guide my reading very much by accidents such as fatigue, the weather, etc. Last night it snowed hard and I was a little tired, and did not want to go out or to work, so I brought home at four o'clock — at which time the evening begins now — Mr. Anthony Trollope's "Autobiography," and finished it before twelve. I think I enjoy such a way of passing an evening as much as any. I had a good standard of comparison; the evening before, a young English artist, Mr. —, a friend of Oscar Wilde's, had passed the evening with me, reading and discussing recent poetry; and the evening before that I had been to the opera to hear, on Beethoven's birthday, "Fidelio" and "The Ruins of Athens." I think, on the whole, I should put conversation first, as the highest form of enjoyment of the three; but there is more risk in it, — sometimes you draw a prize, sometimes a blank; but with the book you know generally pretty well what you have taken in hand. All this is preface to saying that there is a very interesting chapter in Mr. Trollope's book, Ch. XII., "On Novels and the Art of Writing Them," — which, if you still care for the subject, will be sure to give you pleasure. I should like to hear what you think of it. . . .

BOSTON, May 13, 1884.

You will find no accepted classic author destitute of real merit, nor yet one without faults. What I want you to get is decided, positive, sharply-marked opinions about what you read. When we have these opinions to begin with, we can consider whether they are just or not. Then the style in which *you* have expressed yourself comes last. — Only — please — when you write to me — never think of your spelling or your style, just drive ahead anyhow so as to get your *thought* as sharply and fully and quickly over into my mind as you possibly can, write just as if you were talking to me, think only that the important thing is to disabuse me of my errors, to save me from the pain of holding such false opinions about Irving as it seems to you I now do, to impart to me the delight which you experience in his writings, or (if you prefer) to kindle in me that abhorrence of his weaknesses and errors which burns in your own heart; — and never mind the spelling.

May 24, 1884.

WHAT is the purpose of writing? It is to convey thought and feeling, is it not? to facilitate the interchange of ideas, to kindle delight by sympathy; and what consequence is it whether the paper be yellow or blue, whether the ink be black or red. If your thought comes to me clear and distinct from the page, just as it would come from your lips, surely that is

all I want. Of course you will learn to know Irving better and better as you read more of his writings and more of what has been written about him; but I do not think you will ever have occasion to alter the views you have now expressed; by all means read as much of his writings as you have appetite for, but do not force yourself beyond what has been prescribed for you.

BOSTON, May 26.

I WILL not point out to you the qualities of Mr. Symonds' style and the marks of similarity or contrast with that of Mr. James, because I want you to find them for yourself and tell me what you find. But there is one difference between the two men which is so obvious you could not miss it, and so I may venture to speak of it, which makes it hard for me to weigh their merits impartially, — Mr. Symonds is a sincerely and deeply religious man. He is an invalid, and has been facing death these many years; yet though he is sensitive to the spirit of the time, and feels the atmosphere of doubt which pervades the thinking world, he has maintained the serenity of his faith undisturbed. Like Mr. James he has been a wanderer and makes his home for a large part of the year at Davos, in the keen clear air of the mountains; but he has kept his love for his native land, and has had an open heart and a warm sympathy for the different nations among whom he has dwelt. His translations from the Greek poets and his own original poems are also very interesting. . . .

BRUNSWICK, October 13, 1884.

Is not it wonderful to think of having so much time? Year follows year, and what we have not been able to do in this year we can try to do next year; and I feel just the same about life and death, — what I have not been able to do in this life, I can try to do in the life that comes after death; not, perhaps, exactly writing lectures about Irving and Cooper, but trying to find out what makes beautiful things to be beautiful, and trying to help people to like real, true, pure beauty better than shams and pretences and exaggerations. So when I think of the lapse of time, it always seems to me unending, — I am sorry I did not do better yesterday or last year, because that particular opportunity will never come again; but I comfort myself with thinking that the opportunity to do better next year lies before me — to all eternity. . . .

BOSTON, Oct. 15, 1884.

ALWAYS a poet's writings should be studied chronologically. The English Wordsworth Society have seen this, and their first undertaking is to publish an edition of his writings chronologically arranged. George Browne sees it, and his forthcoming "Wordsworth Text-book" will be based on this principle. I should advise you to block out Wordsworth's life into periods, and indicate the most important poems in each period and study them together, i. e., comparing, first, those of one period to see what general characteristics they have, wherein they are alike, and



then comparing the different periods together to see wherein they differ, and trace the growth of his mind and the development of his poetic power. You will find this indicated somewhat in my note-book on "Wordsworth's poems as illustrating his biography." I should think from what I know of his method that Mr. Lymington's book would be helpful in this respect, though I have not read it. Another, less correct, but perhaps equally entertaining method would be to classify the poems by subjects, — poems about flowers, about birds, about mountains, about rivers; poems about persons, as the members of his family, his friends, etc.; poems about the function of the poet, the artist, the statesman; poems about childhood; poems about humble life, etc., etc. . . .

October 20, 1884.

I DO believe that there is a deep and pure delight in the study of poetry, — quite unlike anything else, — and not only very pleasing and charming, but also elevating and ennobling, building up character in a way greatly needed in this country. And I believe there is no poet who will have so high and pure an influence as Wordsworth. So you can conceive how very glad and proud I am to be a "corresponding member" of your club. Don't try, each of you, to read all these essays, but each take one, and then compare notes. I enclose a cutting from a newspaper, with some very wise words about reading *too much* criticism. One must be careful not to let the critical reading drown and smother the poetry itself.

2 OTIS PLACE, BOSTON, November 18th, 1884.

. . . . .  
You are very wise to say that you do not want to wear out your interest in Wordsworth by cramming yourself too full at the outset. Yes, it is perfectly possible to keep your enthusiasm fresh, — to put a book away on your shelf for a year (if circumstances called for such delay) and *yet* when the time comes, turn to that book with the same warmth of delight as if you had read it when you first set eyes upon it. I am very glad for you if you have found out that secret; how to make enthusiasm wait without dying. . . .

About Young I imagine we should agree entirely; it was only that you were misled by what you supposed to be his great reputation and acknowledged place in English Literature, and you put in the form of a question just what I should put in the form of an assertion. To me, he is utterly wearisome, — bombastic and turgid in style, commonplace and vulgar in thought, and, above all, coming under Mr. Courthope's definition of a hypocrite, always "un-real." But read George Eliot's Essay, and then tell me what you think. Perhaps the very violence of her onslaught may make you undertake his defence; perhaps you may really find more in him than I do. I confess that with me the meandering of mind which you experience in reading him is so absolute that I never could get through half a dozen pages. I want you to be catholic, — generous in your range of favorites. Then I want you also to trust your natural

instincts and not try to force yourself to like a writer who bores you, — unless there is strong ground to believe yourself mistaken, — unless there is a pretty universal consent in giving a high place to what seems to you tedious.

I am sure you will enjoy Thomson. You will find some very good remarks about him in Stopford Brooke's "Theology with English Poets."

I do not believe it would be well to spend more time on any but the few highest names. Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Browning, you can afford to study for years, but with Pope, Addison, Young, it would not be well to spend more than a few days, unless you meant to fit yourself for a professorship in English Literature. Coleridge and Southey I hope you will return to some day because they are in many ways allied to Wordsworth, and you need to know them pretty well in order to bring out fully Wordsworth's pre-eminence. When you come to Dr. Johnson, I have some good "stuff" for you. He was an interesting character and had a powerful influence, and deserves study.

Now I suppose the sensible thing for me to do would be to keep this letter at least till Saturday; but the fact is, when I have written some pages to a friend I am impatient to get them to the mail, otherwise I have a painful feeling, such as I suppose a person who stutters may have, as if I had begun to speak but could not get the words fairly uttered. The fact is I am almost always pleased with what I have said; my letters are very interesting to me,

and I have a thwarted feeling if I do not despatch them at once.

BOSTON, December 8th, 1884.

HE has no depth, no critical insight, no deep sympathies; he is totally incapable of understanding such a mind as George Eliot's. I am inclined to think he looks at her writings a good deal from the Orthodox Calvinistic point of view, and of course finds in them a great lack. . . .

I look at her writings from my own point of view, i. e., the point of view of one who believes in the essential worth and value of religion. George Eliot was not religious; she tries to meet all the sorrows and salve all the problems of life without religion, and therefore her books are to me very sad and very inadequate and unsatisfactory as pictures of life. As works of art, however, they are wonderful, magnificent, grand. And I should prefer to regard them in that light; to accept gratefully and reverently what they give me and not look in them for that which is not to be found in them, — a gospel of life.

BOSTON, December 9th, 1884.

I AM delighted that you recognize the supreme significance of Coleridge's view of Wordsworth. It is, and will doubtless continue to be, the best that has ever been said about him. Yet I think you go too far when you say that all the other essays seem to you only a repetition and enlargement of that. There is

an onward movement in time, — a march of progress, — not in science and invention only, but in criticism too; and there are things that could be said in 1877 which could not have been said in 1817. That is one of the *last* and one of the most interesting things for your club to do, — to trace the line of advance in the views held by the best thinkers about Wordsworth. When you have read and digested all you now have, I will send you Sir Henry Taylor's essays (to my mind, perhaps, next in value to Coleridge's) and Mr. Swinburne's, as specimens of early and late criticisms, and I think you will see that with all the ebb and flow of the tide there has still been an advance. To be sure the earlier criticisms are more calm and wise and noble, more complete in form; yet the later writers, having before them the effects of Wordsworth's influence on his successors and the world at large, have been able to see and to say what no prophetic insight could reveal to the earlier ones.

I don't believe I said half enough yesterday about the pleasure your letter gave me. It has always been one of my great ambitions to get girls to see the worth and significance of poetry, not merely as an amusement but as a study; not merely as an element of individual culture, but as one of the great factors in the advance of society and the progress of mankind. You can conceive my delight, therefore, when I see one girl, and that girl my friend, approaching the subject and dealing with it exactly as I would have her do, — reverent, modest, yet earnest and positive, cordial and hearty in her individual sympathies, yet generous and comprehensive in her

studies; not working for herself alone, but drawing others along with her by the power of her noble enthusiasm. I am very grateful that she finds it in her heart to give me such an opportunity to follow along at her side in the growth and development of her thoughts.

I think the course pursued by your teachers is an excellent one, but I think it was a marvellous stroke of wisdom which led you to select Wordsworth for continuous, sustained study at the same time that you were getting a more cursory general view of other poets. It makes me think of a symphony or grand chorus: Wordsworth gives the key-note and supplies the main themes, and the other poets come in, now with a shrill treble and now with a rumbling bass; now with a light melody, and now with a rich, harmonic chord, sometimes discordant; but the discord always resolved at last,—all presenting to your trained ear a grand and perfect whole. I think you “builted better than you knew” when you hit on that scheme of a Wordsworth Club; for it not only gives you that steady, unifying influence to counteract the effect of desultoriness produced by your rapid study of the other poets, but it gives you fellowship; it lets you see how poetry may be a sort of minor gospel and may have its little company of reverent disciples who shall love each other as well as love their leader and prophet, and who shall thus be a power of good in the world.

2 OTIS PLACE, BOSTON, December 15th, 1884.

DEAR MABEL:

I THANK you for your note of Sunday, — so thoughtful to save me from disappointment, — and I thank you for permitting me to share your sorrow, and express to you my sympathy. I can imagine how hard it must have been to your affectionate heart to bear your own grief alone and far from home; and harder still to think that those you love best were suffering and you could not be with them to give them the comfort of your sympathy. I imagine, too, that your grandmother's death must have been sudden, and have come as a great shock to you, for I heard nothing of her illness when I was at the Emersons' last Thursday. Although we look forward to the death of aged people as a natural occurrence, and one that must inevitably take place, yet when it comes it always startles and shocks us. Living on in activity, and feeling as if all the relations of our lives were fixed and stable, the thought of death fills us at first with awe, if not with terror. But this feeling does not last. A little calm reflection assures us still that the true inner relations of our lives are fixed and stable because they rest on God. When in His love and wisdom He sees that the right time has come to give the weary body rest and set the soul free for a new life, we really, down in the bottom of our hearts, are glad that it should be as He wills it. And for our sense of personal loss, we have only to remember how short the time of separation really is. You will have many sweet and tender memories to cherish. Your life will always be the wider for having had the oppor-

tunity to know and love your grandmother. And you will always have the hope of meeting her again, when your life's work is over, and of bearing to her a record of noble and faithful living in the spirit which her example has taught you.

I know that blessed memories and precious hopes do not obliterate a present and immediate grief, but they do alleviate it. That grief God, who has appointed it to you, will give you strength to bear, and I know that your own courageous and self-sacrificing spirit will enable you to meet it all sweetly and bravely.

Accept the assurance of my warmest sympathy,  
and believe me always

Your affectionate friend,

EDWARD C. GUILD.

I take it for granted you will be at home at Christmas; it can hardly be a merry time for you in the midst of such a recent sorrow, but I hope it will be a happy one, for there is a happiness of home love and Christian faith that lives on in our hearts, even when it has grief for a companion. We are so made that two very different, almost contradictory, feelings may be in our hearts at once. . . .

So I hope your Christmas will be happy with that pure inward happiness; so much deeper than merriment, underlying and outliving every sorrow. . . .



2 OTIS PLACE, BOSTON, January 6th, 1885.

I SUPPOSE that you realize that I am rather in the habit of "idealizing" my correspondents; that is, letting myself think all sorts of delightful things of them in their absence, finding signs and tokens in what they write of all possible graces and charms of mind and character; letting my imagination clothe my recollections of them with all lovely and gracious qualities. . . . I have been reading to-day a long German "Study of Wordsworth" by a Dane. It is very funny. It is a dreadful warning to foreigners not to talk about any literature but their own. Doubtless if I were to write about German poetry, — let me try never so hard to hit it right, — what I said would be as funny to a German as this essay of Brandes or that of Taine is to me. It is almost impossible for a foreigner to imbue himself so with the spirit and the traditions of a literature that he can talk about it in a way which will not seem ridiculous to a native who has breathed in the spirit of the language from his very birth. . . .

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, February 10th, 1885.

IT was the "Life of Crabbe" which first taught me how much biography means in the study of literature. Of course Crabbe is a little dry and hard, but there is a stern and noble truthfulness about him and sometimes an almost tragic pathos. Some of Cowper's shorter things are exceedingly graceful and charming, — finished in execution and of a sweet, natural playfulness. And in his longer poems are to be found

bits of description delicately true to nature, and pieces of character-drawing full of insight and vigor. But it is a long time since I have looked in either of them.

Lockhart's "Life of Keats" is one of the most delightful books that ever was written. So is Trevelyan's "Macaulay." You will not have time to read them now, but you must not forget them when summer brings days of pleasure, long days. . . .

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, March 24th, 1885.

I TOLD you that I had written out pretty fully my notes on Hawthorne; now people have begun to honor them so that they circulate among the club; this makes me all the more eager to have them full and interesting. I have read "The Scarlet Letter" a second time since the meeting at which it was discussed, and am compelled to acknowledge that my abuse of it was somewhat exaggerated. I have also read the "Seven Gables," in preparation for to-morrow's meeting, and I have secured at last the loan for an indefinite time of the "Julian" volumes. I have also read the two volumes of the "American Notebooks." So that, you see, I am steeped in Hawthorne. I think the study seems to last a long time. I admire his genius and feel that his writings deserve study. But he is not altogether a cheerful companion. I think I shall be glad, on the whole, when we have brought the subject to an end, and pass to something else. I am glad you are reading Emerson with so much interest. I am sure the study of his writings will quicken and stimulate your mind and character and broaden your views of life and society.

As you say, they are often designed not so much to convey results as to arouse independent thought in the reader and induce him to become something by his own force. They are essentially an inspiration to any one who reads them with sympathy. Then, although his style is peculiar, and not one to be imitated, yet his literary standard is so high and his taste so pure and fine that the study of his writings is itself an education in the higher criticism.

Of Dr. Holmes's "Memoir" I do not think much. I look forward to Mr. Cabot's with great interest.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, April 7th, 1885.

OUR club is working steadily on with Hawthorne; but the members are all busy people, and found they could not get through the amount of reading assigned in a single week, so now we meet once a fortnight. To-morrow we are to discuss the "Blithedale Romance," which has not greatly interested me, and I am anxious to hear what others say about it. The comparison of opinions with bright people greatly enhances the pleasure of reading, and makes one keep his eyes wide open.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, April 14th, 1885.

I HOPE spring is a little earlier with you than it is here; the birds are singing and the buds are beginning to swell, but there is nothing green, as yet, visible, — not a leaf or a blade of grass of this year's growth. The river runs full over the dams, — quite

a majestic fall, breaking into spray that rises in mist into the sunshine; far above and below the dams the ice is still thick and solid. The mud has dried in the village, but the country roads are still impracticable. I have not ventured yet beyond the village limits.

Yesterday and to-day, however, I have had good walks, and find the roads much more settled than I expected. You can imagine what a sense of emancipation it gives after nearly four months without going beyond the reach of sidewalks. It makes me very lazy, however, about writing and reading. . . .

I enclose a list of articles on Browning. I dare say you have all these and more. Poole or Allibone would furnish a much fuller list. But your Library ought to have the publications of the Browning Society, which are quite indispensable and give a great deal not to be found elsewhere. I am very glad you are interested in him; to study Browning is an education by itself. I am very glad, too, that you are taking up Chaucer; I found high delight in him, taking him up as I did with a very bright set of people at Andover. . . . I am glad you admire George Eliot. There, again, is an author whose works and life are calculated to discipline and educate any one who studies them. It is no light undertaking to master the purpose and method of her work.

A friend writes me: "I wrote on the fly-leaf of 'George Eliot's Life'—'Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.' I have not read it all, but so far I know not the biography which so makes good that beatitude. I am greatly moved with it, and read on and

on, wondering to what farther heights of the spirit of love and rectitude this 'woman-soul' will lead me. And I am certified that this is no mood, but an impression which will deepen and stay by. I felicitate myself that I did not die before this Life was writ for me."

I hope that the club here will take up George Eliot after finishing Hawthorne. So far as I know, it is a unanimous desire. I am getting a little weary of Hawthorne, and would like a change of diet. My respect for his power grows, but I do not find that love and admiration keep pace with it. We have the "Snow Image" volume of tales for next time. I am also reading now, what I rather avoided at first, all the criticisms I can lay hands on, and some are very good, — Mr. Hutton, Mr. Leslie Stephen, and Mr. Trollope among English writers. Anton Schonbach, a most elaborate study, among German writers, and Mr. Hillard, Mr. Henry Giles, Mr. Whipple, and Dr. Peabody at home. These are all I have hit upon as yet. . . .

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, May 3d, 1885.

I AM glad you are so much out-doors, living among the arbutus and hepatica, — living in "Paradise." The study of poetry and literature and art is delightful, and in some respects seems less laborious than mathematics and philosophy and ancient languages; but any thorough and critical study is exhausting, and this study puts a special strain in the sensibilities

and emotions which cannot be better healed and relieved than by lawn-tennis and out-door life generally. But I understand exactly what you mean; you mean that your enthusiasm makes it seem so. Still, you must not deceive yourself. Greek and Latin are not more taxing to the mind than Browning's longer and severer works. . . . Whatever Mr. Dowden writes is authoritative; he has won the place as a guide of taste, and you and I, if in any case we find ourselves differing from him, must pause and wait; most probably he is right, and if we are patient we shall see that he is right.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, May 4th, 1885.

AND here I may apply another test: a true work of art never betrays labor; the processes of production become so familiar to an artist's mind and hand that they are used as naturally and swiftly as we use the eye, without a thought of lens and nerve in seeing. I suppose I must admit that epistolary composition cannot be ranked as a "high art." Yet I claim that it is a part of "literature," and therefore worthy art. Mr. Henry Reed, whose writings seem to me among the very highest products of modern criticism, true models of what critical writings should be, says: "It is the relation to universal humanity which constitutes literature; it matters not how elevated, whether it be history, philosophy, or poetry, in its highest aspirations; or how humble, it may be the simplest rhyme or story that is level to the unquestioning faith and untutored intellect of childhood, let it but be ad-

dressed to our common human nature, it is literature in the true sense of the term. No man can put it aside and say, 'It concerns not me;' no woman can put it aside and say, 'It concerns not me.' It has a voice whose rhythm is in harmony with the pulses of the human heart." (If you want a model for a perfect English style, study the writings of Henry Reed.)

. . . . .

I don't think that I am foolishly vain about my letters, but I spend so much time in writing them, and put so much feeling into them that I do take an interest in their fate. I had some boxes made last summer to hold portfolios, just as you put books on a shelf, the portfolios being the right size for note-paper, and so all my letters are accessible, and I can take down the volumes which hold yours or those containing Lou Smith's or Abby Parsons' all ready for immediate reference. I think my system is much the best I have ever seen and worthy to be patented and sold in shops.

When I was living at Andover, in 1869, some members of the Senior Class in the Theological Seminary got up a Chaucer club and invited a number of ladies and myself to join. Essays were read and much delightful talk was had. I have my own Essay (rather thin) on Chaucer as a comic poet and satirist, the Essay of Mr. Hincks on Chaucer's religious character and opinions, which he allowed me to copy, and a lecture of James Lowell's which I had copied from a newspaper report, but, unfortunately, the girl whom I hired to copy it wrote a very poor hand, and it is

hardly legible. I have never compared it with any published Essay on Chaucer, but I imagine it to be quite different. I heard him deliver it in 1870 in Baltimore (it had been originally given at the Lowell Institute in 1855), and I had the impudence to tell him I always did like that lecture; I had been familiar with it for fifteen years. I purpose to send you at the same time some burlesques on Browning and Swinburne, written by a lady of Portland (then Miss Jones, now Signora Cavazza), so clever that even Browning himself said they were the best imitations of his style he had ever seen. . . .

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, May 16th, 1885.

DEAR MABEL:

I WONDER if you are going to write to me to-morrow? I hope so, and therefore I will send you my thanks beforehand. I have had a lovely walk this afternoon. The day has been bright and cool and breezy, and I had such an irresistible attack of "wander lust," as the Germans call it, that I set off right after dinner and walked straight to the sea. It was not the open sea, to be sure, but a land-locked bay where I could only catch a glimpse of the broad ocean, through the islands at the entrance. But it was salt water, — an old landing where before the days of railroads steamboats used to come and whither all the trade and travel went. Now the road is grass-grown, and more like what it used to be when it was an Indian trail running from the Falls to the sea. The immediate neighborhood of Brunswick is not very picturesque. It is a sandy plain, covered with a rough



sort of pine trees; but there are open fields and the broad sky above, and the fresh, keen wind, and I enjoyed my six miles greatly. I was sorry when the road bent round and brought me home another way in spite of myself.

I have been reading "The Marble Faun" this week, and there is much in it that I don't like, but some things that I have greatly enjoyed. The view from the tower at Monte Beni is made extraordinarily vivid, and that not so much by description, — for it would be impossible to describe it, — but rather by the impression it makes, for you stand with Kenyon and Donatello on the tower and see with their eyes, and as they talk the whole wide landscape comes up before you, as clear and distinct as if you saw it with your own eyes.

Have you ever been up Mt. Holyoke or Mt. Tom? You must surely do so, now that the weather is fine at last, and tell me all about it. I walked to Mt. Tom once with Jim Lyman, and I shall never forget the view! I do not think my power of recalling landscapes in memory is above the average, but there are some which I can see as plainly now, as if it were not many a long year since I set eyes on them, — mostly mountain scenes, because they have such marked and definite features. But I remember the Northampton meadows, too, as if it were yesterday instead of twenty-eight years ago since I had seen them, — the waving corn and the magnificent elms and the river. . . .

"The Marble Faun" seems to me an advance upon Hawthorne's other writings only in point of style

and artistic finish. In other respects, it is marked by the same qualities as his previous writings, — beauty and power, marvellous insight into character, but in a detailed and fragmentary way, lack of definite and comprehensive views of life, want of moral distinctness. Viewed as a romance, it is perfect. The absence of sharp outlines and logical development and clearness of plot are only an added charm. But moral and spiritual problems are perpetually forced upon us, and the solution is so inadequate as to leave a sense of disappointment and perplexity. As Mr. Whipple says: "The story begins in mystery only to end in mist."

The characters are all beautifully drawn, but Hawthorne fails, in proportion as the character depicted is described as having an actual place and station in the world, a part which has written itself already in indelible lines. Miriam, like Zenobia, is a woman of the world who has had much experience, lived in what is called society. Hawthorne is more at home with characters like Donatello, which seem to have no past; born upon the page, purely ideal, of perfect judgment and proportion in weaving in so much minute description with the tale. But it is all, or nearly all, so beautiful that one feels it would be ungrateful to criticize. Very perfect, too, is the description of Monte Beni, — an absolute success in word painting, as complete as a sketch or picture, and even more full of light and grace. It is rare that words of direct description have power so strongly to awaken the sense of color and fragrance. Certainly there is a clear advance in style, in perfect

smoothness and beauty in the use of words, in freedom from any nameable defect, — in musical flow, in exquisite finish and delicacy. Perhaps there is, too, a slight increase in self-consciousness, but not to any great extent. Perhaps there is no gain in freshness or in strength and vigor. It is rather a completeness of polish.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, May 19th, 1885.

To go aside once in a while from all companionship but God and one's own thoughts is essential to all sound and sane and deep thinking, and, for that matter, to all true appreciation of nature or art. The more superficial and external side of our natures is kept in a continual stir and bustle by too much contact with others; so that the deeper side never has a chance to attain a full development. Continual talking exhausts and depletes and fatigues, and we need to stop the outflow in order to recover ourselves. The thoughts and the words that come after a long silence are apt to be the most beautiful, — they come out of a quiet heart. I think it is somewhat so with letters. I am always accustomed to be alone when I write. In speaking thus, however, in praise of solitude, I must add that the solitude should be rather by way of exception. It is contact with other minds which calls out our best powers. Only we are not able to bear it too continuously. Once when Dr. Johnson was ill, and unable to exert himself as usual, except to his own hurt, somebody mentioned Burke's name. "That fellow," says the weary warrior, "calls forth

all my powers. Were I to see Burke now, it would kill me!" . . .

I am perfectly delighted with the way you received Corson's lecture; the thing that pleased you was not so much Corson as Chaucer, and then by presenting Chaucer in such a loving, hearty way as kindled your enthusiasm. And I am delighted at your appreciation of the interpretative power of good reading. Of course it is peculiarly true of Chaucer, and I had, myself, the same experience in hearing Child read it. The music of voice and verse brought out the sense and feeling of the poetry as nothing else had before. Of course the need of this interpretative reading is greater in Chaucer than in other poets, because of the antiquated forms of the language, — it takes some study to be able to read Chaucer aloud in a satisfactory manner. There is no poet whose verses it lights up and gives motion and life to in such a degree. But I found the same thing in Mr. Thaxter's reading of Browning; he made me understand Browning and love him as I never had before. I think such an hour as you spent with Corson, bringing a new light to the mind, imparting a new power of insight into one of the realms of literature, — enabling you to enter at last a world of beauty and grace and joy which you had been trying and longing in vain to enter, — is one of the happiest hours of life, and I thank you most warmly for permitting me to enjoy it so fully with you.

I wish I had had the opportunity of introducing you to Spenser in the same way. . . .

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, July 14th, 1885.

IN a time of year when one likes to live out-doors, and lay aside books and pen for a while, — perhaps read a little poetry or write a few verses, but let the customary studies and pursuits of the rest of the year drop for a season, — I feel as if my mind had gone on a vacation, as if it were out under the trees or by the shore, even when my body is in its old place at the table, and when I try to call my mind home for some temporary purpose, to write a letter, for instance, it rebels and won't come. And I guess this is wholesome. It is nature asserting her just claims, — demanding such recreation and change as is needful, and refusing to be tied down to a too uniform and monotonous life.

I am delighted to hear that your interest in Wordsworth has proved a deep and lasting one. I believe it is always the case, when a love of his poetry once gets a place in any one's heart, it is not readily driven out, whether by lapse of time or the intervening of other interests.

I think now you will find still another principle come into operation, and that a growing familiarity with his writings will bring a deeper comprehension and a keener delight. I am delighted also with your method of studying Wordsworth,—taking his poems in direct connection with the Memoir. This is the only true way. I like Mr. Meyers' Memoir much better than old Christopher's. . . .

You know I told you yesterday that my mind has struck work and gone off on a vacation. It seemed

therefore idle to stay in my room over books and papers, so this morning I thought I would send my body off too, and perchance I might catch up with my mind on the road. It was a perfect morning; it had rained the night before, and the air was cool, but rather soft and mild than bracing. The sky was full of beautiful clouds and so the heat was not too great; but there were patches of brilliant blue sky, and every now and then the sun would come out and make clear sharp shadows. The flowers of the grass were wet with the rain, and held innumerable diamonds of light in their feathery plumes. There was a delicate haze in the air, not obscuring the distant horizon, but just perceptible as a faint tinge of blue against a dark background of pines in the middle-distance. The air was laden with fragrance, and not oppressive as it would have been if the day had been still. A brisk breeze kept the odors of the flowers fresh and mingled them in delicate harmony. Beds of wild-roses strewn with pine needles afforded the most powerful and the most frequent odors, but there were wonderful combinations in some of the open swampy places by the wayside which I could not analyze. It seemed as if Nature were striving to provide for every sense the keenest delight, — beautiful colors and forms for the eye, sweet songs of thrush and song-sparrow, and the constant music of the wind in trees and grass for the ear; the tender soft touch of the air on the cheek, and if one would, berries enough for the taste. There was no lack of flowers; the finest were kalopogon and pogonia in beautiful patches, wild cranberry, and whole

acres of fire-weed. I got no very distant views, but there were constantly bits of picturesque road, and bits of wood with fine clear lines against the sky, and old farmhouses, and men and teams at work in the field. I was gone from 8 A. M. until 10.30, and my pedometer registered five miles, so I did not walk far, evidently. But I think I get sight of my mind waiting round a corner, and will be able to catch him and set him to work again soon.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, July 24th, 1885.

To have filled out a twelve-month with faithful work, to have gained the approval of instructors, to have gladdened the hearts of parents, to have won the love of many friends and to have made many lives richer and brighter and happier by your influence, — these things surely are fit ground for congratulations.

The thing which seems to be best worth living for (religious considerations excepted) is the joy of loving, or, if one does not want to use so strong a word, and one which is generally applied to that relation which culminates in marriage and is for two, "two only," then let us say is the delight of friendship. And there are two ways in which one may look for increase of this delight, — by making new friends, and by coming into closer relations with the old friends. Of the two, the latter is doubtless the higher form of enjoyment, but both have their places. And both lie wide open before you. The circumstances of life are going to bring you in contact with a whole lot of new people at the Art Museum, among whom there will surely be many bright and charming people,

able and happy to give you pleasure. And the growth of your own mind and character as the months go by will give you power to win a deeper regard and a warmer admiration from those who have already learned to know you. But the first and most necessary thing of all is health. You cannot do your best, — you cannot manifest yourself worthily to them unless you have that. And it is largely in your own hands — not wholly, I admit, but still much may be done by wisdom and forethought and prudence. I know prudence is a hateful virtue. No true artist (I had almost said no man of genius, but then I remembered Wordsworth) was ever prudent. The person of artistic temperament is naturally prone to be reckless of consequences and to act from impulse, — to seek suddenly the beautiful thing which the occasion offers, — though the way to it be through puddles in thin shoes, or over miles of snow without furs. But a right medium can be found. It is possible to keep the artistic temperament and yet not always yield to its wildest and most imprudent impulses.

I don't know that I can wish for you on your birthday anything more appropriate than this: that you may learn the secret of being wise and prudent without losing the spirit of a self-forgetting enthusiasm.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, November 10th, 1885.

I QUITE agree with you to the pleasure there is in making acquaintance with a book by having it on one's shelves, even without reading it. It comes to



be an old friend, and one turns the pages and reads the table of contents and gets a general idea of the drift of it, which really amounts to something so that when the book is referred to one can at least understand what is meant.

My letter was interrupted by a call from Professor Chapman, who smoked a cigar with me, and left before nine. Then Rose and I had a gorgeous long evening by our open fire. I am reading her the "Life of Agassiz," — a very entertaining book, as we got so interested that we sat until after midnight. . . .

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, December 27th, 1885.

It is Sunday evening; the clock has just struck eight. My friend Brukmann sits the other side of the table, reading and smoking a cigar. We have two bright lamps on the table, and a blazing wood fire before us, and are all the more comfortable because it is very cold out-of-doors. I am too late to wish you a "Merry Christmas," but just in time to say "Happy New Year" to you.

I thank you for making me an honorary member of your club, or rather, letting me share *your* privilege of membership, and look at it through *your* eyes, and listen with *your* ears, and read by means of *your* pen, and I think the plan of the club an admirable one. I wish I knew who some of the principal members were, but perhaps they are new people of whom I do not know anything.

I think your distinction about Burns is a good one. He had the sentiment or emotions of religion, but he certainly was not in any sense a religious man. Yet I think he was a very sincere man, and any expression of religious belief or feeling means ten times as much from such a man as from one who uses rhetoric and does not always speak from the heart.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, February 8, 1886.

MY DEAR MABEL:

How it did rejoice my heart to-night to see your welcome handwriting once more, and to take from my box such a generous fat letter, and to read all your news, every word of which interested me greatly. Not that I am in the least inclined to reproach you for your long silence; I am only glad that you are too busy and too much engrossed in the work to which you have dedicated yourself, to have time for letter-writing. It is quite the same with me, too; as I have been too much occupied to write as I have done in the last few years. I accept the situation so far as your being absorbed in the varied interests with which your life is full, but as to your having nothing to say, that's all nonsense. You could make a letter full of interest for me any day, by just telling me what you had done, and whom you had met and talked with through the fifteen or sixteen waking hours, to say nothing of what you had dreamed during the sleeping ones. But of course I take the most interest in hearing about what you have read, and of your literary club and matters of that sort. . . .

I know it is often a good plan to have something

in hand to turn to beside the main topic in which one is engaged. If you think of nothing but art, and even read about nothing but art, you are in danger of getting too much of one subject, and it may be good for you to turn aside from it sometimes in order to return to it with greater zest. So I shall be delighted to send you my Coleridge books whenever you call for them.

I should think the study of Greek art would be a most fascinating subject, and bring you into a wide range of interesting reading. Then I should think your club would call for a good lot of reading too. If you have never taken up Charles Lamb, you will find all that he has written very charming, and I might almost say, all that has been written about him, too. For he seems to have been fortunate in biographers and critics: all who have taken him for their theme have written lovingly, and I should like so much to know what you read about him. I am glad you have got the idea of picking up old numbers of the *Living Age* and other magazines to illustrate your favorite writers. You have seen the use I make of this method, and I have found it very useful in keeping up my own interest and stimulating that of others.

There is a very charming short article on Lamb by Mr. Walter H. Pater in No. 1798.

About "The Excursion." I think it is a book which may very well be read in detached portions. I think you will find great pleasure in taking it up from time to time, leaving your mark at the place where you

happen to be interrupted, and beginning again whenever you get a chance, without caring very much to go back and pick up the thread of argument. In that way you will gradually get familiar with the parts, and by and by the effect of it as a whole will dawn upon you. But don't make it a task. Go to it expecting inspiration and delight, and if you find yourself at a dry place (for there are a good many) you may feel confident that just over the page there is something beautiful and helpful. . . .

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, March 9th, 1886.

. . . I think you undervalue the "Pepys" style of letter. I will write you, some day, a "journal-letter," as I call it, and try to show you what I mean. But I will try not to ask *you* to do anything which seems to you not worth doing, — not to tease you to descend to trivialities and frivolities; it would be like trying to harness Pegasus to a tip-cart, or asking St. Cecilia to sing a negro melody, — yet tip-carts are serviceable sometimes and negro melodies are sometimes sweet.

You will find Lamb's letters admirable. I quite envy you the pleasure of reading for the first time Talfourd's two volumes. I think an appreciation of Lamb's writings is a fine test of literary discernment; the charm of them is difficult to define; many people don't care for them at all. Those who do care for them, love them and him with a very tender affection; the closeness of laughter and tears, the mingling of humor and pathos, the tragedy and high-jinks, of tenderness and of irony, is very wonderful and often

very touching. You can't study Lamb too much, or love him too dearly, and the better you know him, the more you come to look at him from all sides, the more warmly you will love him. With Lamb as with Heine, my admiration of the artist is continually thrown into the background by my affection for the man.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, March 22d, 1886.

I DON'T count death for much, or regard the separation which it produces as much more significant than that which oceans or a hundred miles of land produce. I hold that there may be a most delightful and refreshing and vital fellowship between spirits, whether they be parted by the river of death or only by the Saco and the Merrimac, and it may well be that I shall meet my mother and father again before I meet you again, and I look forward to the one meeting with as much certainty as I do the other, and I am not disposed to hasten either. But I acknowledge that there is a certain different sort of pleasure in the intercourse with friends from whom one is only parted by a few miles of space, and the intercourse with those from whom one is separated by the veil of death.

BRUNSWICK, December 29, 1891.

. . . Friendship may be looked at in various aspects. One may, fairly enough, at times, be content to concentrate power of feeling and expression in a few channels; one may feel it a beautiful thing to find

his more intimate relations reduced to a small number, — one, two or three, — and to put all the more intensity of warmth and depth into these. That has been my experience in the last three or four years. But at another time, one may be very thankful and happy in finding his sympathies growing more broad and his relations more varied, — the heavenly bow of friendship filling up with all the colors of the prism; may feel his whole nature expanded and enriched by the range and variety of the relations in which he finds himself actively engaged. This has been my experience in the last three or four months, since I have been coming back to full strength after my illness, and taking up one and another broken thread. . . .

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, October 27th, 1892.

MY DEAR MABEL:

It is impossible for me to give you an adequate idea of the pleasure I had on receiving your letter this morning. Without the least disposition to reproach you, I have never ceased to regret the loss of such a delightful correspondent. I used to think four weeks was a pretty long time to wait for a letter from you, but now I am well repaid for waiting four years; but I have never become indifferent or forgetful, — have never lost hope that I would sometime *see* you again and have another chance to beg for a renewal of our correspondence. You girls never seem to understand how much your sympathy, your gracious acceptance of admiration, your confidence, mean to an old man like me.

I admit, however, the lack of understanding may be on my side. I met with a passage the other day in Mr. J. A. Symond's "Life of Sir Philip Sidney," which gave me a wholesome light on the subject: "It is difficult for elderly folks, when they have conceived ardent affection for their juniors to remember how very much more space the young occupy in the thoughts of the old than the old can hope to command in youthful brains, distracted by the multifarious traffic of society." But it is so little that I ask. I would be content with a little scrap of a note once in a few weeks just to tell me that my letters were received and *welcomed*. Then I would do most of the writing and not expect many such generous and beautiful letters from you as this one, which makes me so glad to-day. You may remember that when I left Waltham in 1880, and went to Munich, I had a list of forty correspondents. Of course, a good many were relatives; some were men whom I had only a temporary correspondence with, but some dozen or more were girls whom I hoped to keep up a correspondence with for many years. Some, as Annie Morrill and Nellie Thayer, have passed into a world where their communications with friends are more direct than can be possible through the clumsy medium of pen and ink. In some cases I suppose I have been the one to blame; there was not enough in common between us to keep my interest alive, and the correspondence has died on my side.

But with others, I know with an absolute certainty that there has been no want of loyalty on my part, no cessation of the warmest interest and most eager

craving for continued fellowship, and yet circumstances have so fallen out that my correspondence seemed to be at an end. Now in your great generosity you have opened the way for me to the renewal of one of the greatest pleasures of my life. I can keep on writing to my own infinite satisfaction, if you will only drop me a line occasionally to tell me you are not bored.

I have just been giving a lecture about Henry Fawcett, and I was much struck by a remark of Mr. Stephen in his *Life of him*, about his friendships: "The number of persons upon whom he sincerely bestowed the title of intimate friend was surprising. And all the overgrowth of new friendships seemed rather to strengthen than to stifle the earlier ties." That was fine; that is the course I should aspire to, though I doubt if I can claim so much.

Mr. Japp says of him also that he never lost a friend. I do not think I can claim *that*, though in most cases of evaporated friendships, I cherish a doubt whether I was wholly responsible. In many cases, marriage and absorption in family cares makes correspondence practically impossible. But some of the instances of the "decay of friendship" in my experience must wait the revelations of the future life for explanation. . . .

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, October 29th, 1892.

. . . I dearly love to have an unfinished letter to a friend in my drawer, to which I can add from time to time. It gives a sense of continuous companionship. I call it "keeping hold of hands," — it makes



a letter less like a formal call and more like one's talk with a housemate and daily companion, which is broken in upon by various interruptions and readily resumed again.

November 2d.

I DO not altogether like this broken way of writing. The warm impulse which leads one to begin a letter somehow evaporates and cools down. The basis of a fresh impulse may be there, but that rather calls for a fresh start, and is not so keenly awakened in the process of ending off a letter begun some days ago. Still in a busy life (and my life is a reasonably busy one in the winter half of the year, though I have great leisure in the summer half) I cannot always wait about beginning a letter till I have time enough to allow of my finishing it. I shall often discourse to you on the philosophy of letter-writing. I do not think any one can write good letters who cannot do it in a leisurely manner. He must be able to command time enough to feel at ease, and allow himself to express his thoughts freely and fully, — to expand and let his sympathies find large and generous expression. And this is impossible if he feels in a hurry. I think that is the reason why so few people write good letters nowadays. The pressure of life is too strong. To be sure, length is not necessarily a mark of merit in a letter; but, on the other hand, it is only genius that can put much thought and feeling into a very short compass.

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BRUNSWICK, Nov. 16, 1892.

IF I get hold of an idea which pleases me as I write, I like to amplify it, spread it all out on the page, play with it and enjoy it. I think this is just where the olden letter-writers, Cowper and Lamb and Southey, had the advantage of us. They were busy men, industrious, productive, but they did not live as we do, in an atmosphere of hurry. Hence they could be more careful of their style; they could be more natural than we are, for one's thoughts do not go by jerks and snatches, but flow easily and smoothly along; and if one would express one's thoughts naturally, one must take some time and pains to give the same smooth and easy flow to one's style. . . .

BRUNSWICK, May 17, 1893.

MY visit to Boston was extremely satisfactory. After leaving Waltham I was at Concord, at Newton, and at Cambridge. I kept a list of all the persons with whom I had substantial interviews, and got up to 101 names. At Cambridge I saw Professor Kirtledge and got from him many valuable points on Icelandic, etc. I returned here on Wednesday, — this day week, — and had at once to prepare my morning sermon and evening lecture. But since Monday I feel as if vacation had begun. The clubs are all over for the season, and I shall have no more evening services. I am going, however, to give some readings (and enclose rough draft of my invita-

tion), and have invited the five clubs; six, indeed, as I shall personally invite the members of my own club. I do not pretend to be a public reader, but I shall regard this as a wholly "private" affair, and read just as I should read to Rose at our own fireside. But when I admire a thing greatly, I think I can read it with some feeling and appreciation. I have not much to tell you of my reading. I have read nothing but a few novels, a lot of Norwegian books, and a book on Ethics which I picked up cheap, the morning I left Boston. I spent about \$10 on books, but they were miscellaneous, and not of much permanent value, — partly German texts for my pupil, partly books to give away, partly Norwegian books for myself.

BRUNSWICK, June 8th, 1893.

I HAVE great plans for study and reading, and doubt if I shall want to interrupt them for the sake of coming to the city in the hot season when everybody is away. I am going to take up Icelandic, and it is rather a tough old nut to crack. I have the necessary books already, and am making a sort of beginning, but I shall not buckle down seriously to it till I get to Dublin.

AUBURN, September 4, 1893.

MY DEAR MABEL:

I QUITE agree with you in a general way as to your theory that all letter-writing between friends should be spontaneous. But I think your application of this

theory is a little too strict. I should say there are two aspects to friendship, — perfectly harmonious, but different. The relation itself should be spontaneous, should grow, spring up of itself, out of harmony of temperament, out of sympathy in pursuits, out of an indescribable divine recognition of one another spiritually related. If marriages are made in heaven, so are friendships. If love between husband and wife is a divine gift, so is friendship. True relations of this sort cannot be forced, cannot be brought about; they come about of themselves. . . .

I should further admit, in general, that the expressions of friendship ought to be spontaneous. But it seems to me there is another side. Every relation which is worth anything involves duties as well as privileges. It is too precious to be left altogether to impulse. Impulse is naturally wayward and fluctuating. It depends upon one's mood, or even in one's stomach or one's liver. And so one has to fall back on principle. And I do not feel that there is any disloyalty in (occasionally) writing when one is not in the mood for it. If this came to be the general aspect of the matter and not the exceptional, then, I grant you, it would be an indication that the bottom had fallen out, and the whole thing gone to the dogs. But I think the case may not infrequently occur when I should say to myself, "I want to write to — to-day. I have made up my mind to. I have something to tell her, but I do not feel talkative; my letter will be short and dull. Shall I write or not? Yes, I will write her a little note and stick to my purpose. I will explain the situation and do better

next time, — the coldness of silence at any rate shall not creep between us. My note may not have much in it, but at least I can have the exquisite pleasure of writing ‘Dear ——’ at the beginning, and ‘affectionately yours’ at the end; it will keep the continuity of fellowship unbroken, even though this particular letter may not be quite as worthy of the opportunity as some others.”

I think I always say so when I write a letter on this basis. I do not make any pretence about it. So I don’t think it can do any harm. If I wrote when I did not feel like writing and tried to make believe I did feel like it, and force the note and pretend an enthusiasm I did not feel, *that* would be altogether unpardonable and base. . . .

NORTH PEMBROKE, January 10, 1896.

My great cry here is for books. I cannot bring down enough at a time to last me until I go up again. I am still going on reading Latin with my neighbor; we have done for the last two months 6 or 8 pages an evening, once a week, with a fair prospect of continuance. I want to write some new lectures, but I am hampered by the lack of books. I should like to trace the good results of certain bequests for founding institutions like the Smithsonian, the Lowell Institute, the bequests of George Peabody; but I suppose I shall have to give it up. I have a short course ahead I want to give, but the title is repulsive, — “Ethical Aspects of Psychology,”

— and I cannot think of any other; yet the lectures are sufficiently entertaining. I shall not drop into literary topics until spring. I have read nothing of much account lately, except “The Life of Friedrich Perther,” in German, a noble life, well told. Of all things I enjoy a good long biography. I had Matthew Arnold’s “Letters” for a Christmas present, but have not yet brought it down. I expect to enjoy it very much. . . .

NORTH PEMBROKE, January 30, 1896.

. . . I have enjoyed Matthew Arnold’s “Letters” very much (I have not yet finished the second volume). His character, his general aim in life, his wholesome personal relations, his sincerity, his manliness, give me such a feeling of confidence that I am inclined to swallow everything he says. For instance, I was not a bit staggered by what he said of Miss Brontë and Bulwer. I thought it very bright and discriminating. But a reviewer of the *Forum*, a man who helped Mr. Russell in preparing the book, finds it very odd and mistaken. You say you would like my criticism of the book, but I have n’t any to offer. How can one criticize the private, confidential utterances of a man to his nearest friends and kindred? I can only say that the book seems to me altogether charming, healthy and vigorous, — the letters altogether models of what such letters should be.

You say you want to read “Jude.” All right, if you think more good is to be got by studying such problems and judging for yourself than by disregarding them, go ahead. I don’t suppose it will do

you any harm. But for myself, I decline to wade through so much mud for the sake of deciding a purely fictitious or supposed case. When such terrible problems come up in life, then we must try to solve them as best we can. But for recreation I prefer some healthier subject. And for guidance in moral perplexities I should seek some other guidance than Mr. Hardy's. I send you another cutting from the *New York Nation*, that you may see how the book is regarded by some minds. You may say the view is narrow; well, breadth is good. But I acknowledge that I am not broad enough to take in all out-doors. I have to get behind the fence sometimes.

I keep plugging at Latin,—have read two of Cicero's dialogues, and am going to take up the "Agricola" and "Germania" of Tacitus.

BERLIN, April 11th, 1897.

. . . The life I am leading here, now for a year, is one which renders letter-writing quite out of the question. When I got your letter, which lies before me, dated May 24, 1896, I should not have believed that it would be nearly a year before I wrote to you. My thoughts have often turned to you. But one cannot always control circumstances. And, much as I love my friends, I have had to resign myself to the prospect of their thinking me neglectful, or, rather, I have tried to keep up my faith that they would continue to care for me in spite of my apparent neglect. I left home with a list of 30 correspondents. I hear from only two or three. And of course I can-

not expect others to write unless I do. But I do not forget. And if the time ever comes when I can return, I shall hope that I may find a welcome still at the doors which were wont to open so wide to me. . . .

2 OTIS PLACE, BOSTON, July 15, 1899.

New friends are entertaining; there is a special pleasure in getting hold of some one whose way of thinking you do not yet know; who piques curiosity all the time (I am corresponding with a girl who has been in Iceland and got the language as a spoken tongue, whom I have never seen); but it is quite a different joy when one can renew a friendship which has years of close acquaintance and constant kindness behind it; there is a sense of mutual confidence and assurance of being understood which is most grateful and gladdening. And to see the beautiful promise of early life ripened into the gracious fulfilment of maturity is a great pleasure.

You spoke about consulting me as to what you should read. It will seem to you that I am quoting some old letter of my own, if I say: "Tell me in what line you want to read and I will tell you the books." Even knowing you as well as I do, I cannot tell just what line will appeal to you just at this time, and it is of no use for you to read except in some definite line in which you are interested. If none is at present distinct in your mind, then think it over and decide. Anyhow, whatever you choose, I am at your service, so far as my resources go. For



myself, when I am at a loss I always turn to Biography. I have read lately, with delight, lives of John Blackwood, Benjamin Jowett, Lewis Carroll, Sir F. Lockwood, Renan, Samuel Sewall, etc. I am waiting to get hold of George Borrow, Justin MacCarthy and Mrs. Oliphant. But some people don't care for Biography. . . .

## TO MRS. ALICE WALKER.

MUNICH, Jan. 20, 1880.

MY DEAR MRS. WALKER :

I THINK of you very often, although I do not succeed in putting my thoughts on paper. I grieve for the trials you are called upon to pass through, and especially for that, — which seems to me the hardest of all, — that you find it so difficult to control your own thoughts. I do not think you have the least reason for self-reproach in the matter. The occurrence of such thoughts in the mind is not a thing for which we are morally responsible; they are in great part merely symptoms of a disordered condition of the nerves; they are a misfortune but not a fault any more than a fever would be. Our own moral attitude manifests itself in the way in which we deal with them. Of course the indolent, weak way would be to yield to them even when we hated them; for it is a great deal less trouble to let ourselves sink down into misery and depression than it is to bring ourselves out into sunshine and joy and peace again. Yet I do not think they are best dealt with by open and direct resistance. Sometimes when we set ourselves to fight them with dogged determination, we really give them new force and opportunity by fixing our minds too steadily upon them. It is far better to turn the mind to elevating, invigorating ideas and

pursuits, and in that way impart to the thoughts such animation and brightness that these dark and gloomy ideas are displaced. The mind, which has got distorted and out of order, will right itself when once a current of healthy and quickening ideas is poured into it. Prayer and meditation, devout contemplation, are sometimes not the very best thing, because they are largely matters of feeling, — moods in which one seeks to let one's self float unresistingly on a current of pure and holy sentiment. Often the mind needs something more bracing than that. I was reminded of you the other day by a passage in Lander's "Pericles and Aspasia,"—"Study, philosophize, write poetry. These things, I know, are difficult when there is a noise in the brain; but begin, and the noise ceases. The mind, slow in its ascent at first, accelerates every moment, and is soon above the hearing of frogs and the sight of brambles." I do not mean that any such effort to quicken the action of the intellect is to be substituted for prayer. But I believe prayer will be far more real to us when it is not the only noble act to which we bring our spiritual faculties, but one to which we come after having roused and stirred our minds by other invigorating mental acts. It is one of the hardest things you have to contend with, that you are not free to move about as you like and to choose your own associates and seek them when you will. If you could, it would be the best possible thing for you to interest yourself in other people and get so absorbed in them as to be able sometimes to forget yourself. But that is forbidden you by circumstances, so it seems to me the

next best thing is to come into contact with other sound and healthy minds through books. Novels may rest and refresh one sometimes, but they relax rather than invigorate the mind. What you want is some more stimulating reading that will set your mind in independent action. You will naturally say: "Why does n't he name some books and tell me outright what to read?" But that is difficult at so great a distance, because so much depends upon individual taste. You ought to take up some pursuit for which you have a strong inclination, and then stick to it,—botany, geology, astronomy, or some period of history; one thing is about as good as another, so it really interests you. If I were at home I should be delighted to counsel you and supply you with books; but at this distance it is impossible. I can only give you hints. I was also reminded of you by a passage in Madame de Staël's "*De l'Allemagne*": "It may be said with confidence that enthusiasm is, of all the sentiments, the one which gives the most happiness; indeed, the only one which can enable us to support our human destiny in all the situations in which fate can possibly place us."

On the religious side, I know I need not urge you to trust God and put your faith in Him. I am sure, down in the bottom of your heart, your trust in Him is just as clear and true as ever. You do not doubt that He is watching over you lovingly all the time and will be close to you in every new crisis of your life. But the question is how to make this deep fundamental, abiding faith rule over your feelings and keep your moods bright and hopeful. That is not

always possible. Often we must just be patient and wait; and often we must use such indirect methods as I have already indicated. But if we hold to our deep conviction of God's goodness, thro' all the dark hours, then at last these convictions will work out their beneficent result, and God's goodness will be made manifest to us. I wish I could preach to you next Sunday. I would dearly love to be once more in my old pulpit, and again proclaim the precious truths, old as Christianity, — yet new every day in human experience, — the fulness of God's love, the perfect safety of the soul that rests on Him. Write me often of your inner life. I may not always be able to speak in a way to help you; but perhaps sometimes I can.

With best wishes for the New Year I remain

Very truly your friend,

E. C. GUILD.

MUNICH, March 28, 1881.

YOUR letter of Jan. 9 gave me great pleasure for several reasons. It carried me back very vividly to scenes which are for me full of happy memories and associations; it met my attempt to comfort and encourage and cheer in a frank and appreciating way (and there are few things pleasanter than, when one has tried to express friendly feeling, to have it recognized and reciprocated), and it gave me permission to hope that I might still have opportunity to be of service in the way in which I have tried so long to serve, though I have often been recreant and unfaith-

ful. It gave me special pleasure that you could say that the tone of my preaching had been to you invigorating and attractive and not depressing and disheartening; for I have been often told that I held up so high a standard as to discourage my hearers and repel them from all thought of religion. I know I never meant to produce any such effect; my own views of religion are cheerful and bright, and the effect of my faith is to make me happy; but sometimes one fails to convey what is in one's own heart, and gives an impression to others quite different from what one intends to give. I am very glad for you that you have the power of singling out and catching hold of the bright spots which are to be found even in the darkest lives. Always the future is full of promise because it is in God's hand, and it is above all human imagination to conceive what He has in store for them who love and trust Him, — who are poor in spirit, pure in heart, meek, and peace-makers. And I believe that God delights to use us for the instruments of His loving will, and impels us to help each other just in the right time and the true way. I hold that friends are a Divine gift, and among the most precious of all His gifts. And if He gives us a friend who listens to Him and speaks as he is taught of Him, it is next best to giving us Himself, or brings to us those in whose hearts His sunshine dwells; then we can endure all things and fulfil all duty.

You must not call your letters stupid; they are very far from that. You are yourself keenly alive. You may have your faults; you are doubtless not perfect. But I think no one would call you stupid.

Your mind acts brightly, vigorously, rapidly. And so your letters can never be stupid; for you write with the same frankness with which you talk, and what one gets there on the paper is you,—your thoughts, the quick, flashing play of your active brain and your warm, sensitive heart,—and that is the most interesting thing in the world: to see the pulsing thought of a human mind and the beating emotions of a human heart. It is not necessary that one should go out much among men, or have great variety of culture or experience, in order to be interesting to others; it is only necessary that one should take an interest in one's own life,—be really striving to bring out of it, out of its trials and sorrows, its disappointments and vexations, all the remaining beauty and strength and truth possible. When one is so living in real earnest, one is sure to interest others and to call out sympathy and find appreciation.

April 12, 1881.

I AM sorry that I did not write sooner; but I like to have my letters real, hearty, spontaneous expressions of friendship, and so I do not often write merely from a sense of duty, in order to get a letter promptly answered, but I wait until opportunity comes, and I can really sit down and express myself freely, out of a full heart. So if I do not write as often as I might, if I do not answer your letters as promptly as I might, you must consider that the quality of my letters is much better than it would be if I aimed at

promptness and frequency alone, without seeking the right conditions of feeling also. When I find sorrows and difficulties beset me to which I can find no attendant compensation, I immediately conclude that that is one of God's secrets, — a blessing which He hides from me just now; a blessing which is really mine even now, but which I am not yet conscious of; a blessing which works upon my character, my spiritual life unknown to me, and which will be revealed, in God's own time, thro' its effects. I am not trying to make out that there is no sorrow and suffering in the world. The sorrow is real and bitter, and we are not meant to blind ourselves to facts, or expected to wipe out our sorrows with sentimental talk. I am only trying to make out that along with the sorrow, however real and great, there is always for the trusting soul a special blessing that comes out of the very grief itself, interwoven with it, inseparable, a blessing only to be won by entering into and bravely enduring all things in a meek and loving spirit, as under God's direct guidance. You see it is Easter Sunday today; and as I did not go to church, I could not help preaching a little to you.

. . . . .

AIBLING, OBER-BAYERN, Oct. 15, 1881.

THE events of life here are the changes of the weather, and the effects of light and shade on the mountains. Yesterday the sky was somewhat overcast, but the air was soft and mild. I walked on the hills back of Aibling and watched the sky in hopes



that —— would have a fine sunset; and so it proved. The mountains grew clearer and clearer as the afternoon advanced, and one could see the snowy crags of the Wild Kaiser up the Inn-Thal. By and by came a flood of purple light, as the sun broke thro' a cloud, illuminating the misty foreground. I walked through the pines just then and lost some of the glory; but looking out westwards thro' the tall trunks I saw the bars of orange light in the sky. The rooks were disturbed by my coming, and took flight by hundreds with a whirring of wings and clatter of discontent. When I came out of the wood again, the sky had begun to darken, but the slatey-gray clouds were all tipped still with reddish light. In the night came a strong wind and blew all the clouds away, and this morning I was out before breakfast on the hill, — the air mild still, but very clear; the mountains, in the level morning light no longer gray or blue, but showing their real colors; brown rocks, green pine woods and pastures, and the oaks and beeches wearing their brilliant autumn yellow and russet hues. There is not so much red in the autumn coloring as with us. But in general I do not feel any vital difference in the scenery. Conway or Bethlehem or Jefferson are just as beautiful as it is here. Mountains and sky, trees and clouds, soft distances and tender foregrounds make beauty and delight all the world over.

. . . . .

MUNICH, Jan. 31, 1882.

HOWEVER absurd ——'s way of saying it may have been, he was right when he said that you would yet have brighter days, for in saying that he but reiterated, parrot-like, or monkey fashion, the promises of God, which assure a bright and blessed future to those who trust Him in the darkness. That is an unwavering conviction with me; it may happen in this life, or it may not happen until we pass out of this life (that is a matter of little consequence); but, sooner or later, God giveth His beloved peace. . . .

MUNICH, Jan. 12, 1883.

I AM glad to know that you are still in the world. Yet, on the other hand, if I were to hear that you were what we call "dead" I should not grieve, because I should think of you as having entered into another mode of life where all your rare capacities for joy and high emotion would be unfolding with a scope enlarged a thousand-fold. I am glad you are still in *this* world, in which I happen to be; but out of God's world nothing in the universe, not even death, can take you. And when the time comes that God sees best to take you, or me, or any one whom I love out of *this* world, I shall still be glad, because it is His will.

I hope the year is opening brightly for you, and that its unfolding months will bring you beautiful experiences of the love of God.

I remain very truly your friend,

EDWARD C. GUILD.

MUNICH, Feb. 25, 1883.

. . . . .  
To face the trials of life in one unvarying attitude, to live day by day, year after year in closest contact with that which causes us incessant and wearing pain, — brings the mind into an unnatural state; one gets into fixed ways of thinking and feeling and cannot get out of them; the natural methods of obtaining relief and support have been so often appealed to and have proved only partially effective that one begins to feel less confidence in them. But when one is permitted to change the scene and find oneself cut off by a long barrier of distance, if by nothing else, from that which one has been so long accustomed to, then everything looks different; the very sky and air seem more full of life and hope, and old familiar words have fresh meaning, and old ways of seeking help are turned to with new confidence. Mentally and morally, as well as physically, one often owes a new lease of life to a radical change of scene.  
. . . . .

March 25, 1883.

ONE of our best American artists here, who has spent more than one summer among the hills, has settled down now for several years past at Schleissheim, where it is perfectly flat (the hills just visible in a clear day on the horizon, forty or fifty miles away), because he finds more picturesque effects there, more inexhaustible variety than elsewhere. Much as I enjoy the mountains in summer, I always feel a sense of relief and restored freedom when we come down in the autumn; the sky seems to take you into its embrace; the heavens enfold you like a curtain; you can reach out your thoughts, and even your steps to any point in the horizon without any impeding barrier of rock. Perhaps, however, you are shut in by trees; — bare as a landscape would be without trees, there is such a thing as having too many of them. In a forest, for instance, there is no landscape at all. I am glad to think this morning that you are in a warmer region than I. Last week was one of the coldest we have had this whole winter. Yesterday was overcast and a little warmer, and I fully expected to-day to find a thawing rain; but I awake to find the ground white with snow again. To be sure, the birds have come, and it is pathetic to note their faithfulness; they are singing away this morning vigorously, altho' they must have cold feet.

BRUNSWICK, Dec. 31, 1893.

. . . . .

You say, "I wonder if I am to have sorrow in the life to come?" I answer, perhaps not; but I cannot conceive of love without an element of sorrow, except it be our love to God. If I am to love any others, even in heaven, I shall be wishing they were better; above all, I shall be wishing I were better, that I might be worthy of their love, and sorrowing because I am not better. It will not be a selfish, belittling sorrow, it will be a tender sorrow, — a sorrow akin to Christ's when he wept over Jerusalem. But just as Christ — in whom dwelt the fulness of joy — was called the man of sorrows, so I believe his followers will always have an element of sorrow, of pity, of tender compassion, mingling with their joy.

. . . . .

## TO ALFRED WORCESTER.

MUNICH, March 29, 1881.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

I HAVE been so strongly reminded of you to-day that I cannot refrain from spending part of the evening with you. . . . To-day we got off early after dinner and went out to the Nymphenburger Park; and there, after getting our beer and coffee at the Gasthaus, and feeding the swans in the lake, we wandered into the woods and feasted our eyes and filled our pockets with anemones and hepaticas. It seems to me as if it were earlier than at home, but I am not sure. All years are not alike there. I remember crocuses and snowdrops in bloom at this time last year, when I was staying in Boston. The birds have also been very lively to-day, — robins, and song-sparrows, and wood-thrushes. The views, too, of the wonderful plain round Munich, of the snow-covered Tyrolese mountains on the horizon, of the beautiful sunset, have been very charming. One enjoys much, indeed, when the beauty of nature is unfolded in ampler wealth at a later period of the season; but I doubt if one at any time enjoys so intensely the delight of outdoor life as in the very first days when the air begins to be soft, and the ground dry and firm under the feet, and one walks with freedom and gives himself up to the mood of the hour. I daresay you have begun about this time to hold "field days" with the botany club at Wal-

tham, and have found the enthusiasm both of pupils and teachers awakening and developing like the flowers under the spring sun. Did you ever read Miss Sewall's "Journal of a Home Life"? It is not a great book, — a little morbid and a little dull. But one passage amused me: "He had lately been in a village where all the young girls made first-rate nursery-maids; why or wherefore no one could understand. The schoolmistress was nothing particular, the children were in no way remarkable. At last he discovered that they had been taught botany! A professor in the neighborhood and the good nursery-maids were the result of the botanical lessons." The connexion, I am sure, would be obvious to any but a very dull and unimaginative mind. One thing taught in a way to rouse enthusiasm and free the faculties makes a person better fit for all other things, lesser as well as larger. I have always wanted to see some record of the actual effects of the influence of Agassiz upon his pupils. I believe it would be found that his influence extended into walks of life where it would be very little expected. Habits of accuracy, of enthusiasm and self-sacrifice in pursuit of knowledge, systematic ways of arranging things in the mind, etc., etc., are of value in any position or career. I believe that the Agassiz men might be traced by definite signs, — in the war, in politics, in the ministry, the law, medicine, manufacture, etc. And I am quite prepared to believe that if I were to return to Waltham ten years hence, I should find a difference in those households where the wife and mother had been . . . in the botany club, easily distinguish-

ing them from any others, — a broader perception of the relations of things; of the grand significance of little things through their relation to what is highest; a keen delight in beauty, truth and knowledge; a larger readiness to sacrifice the merely material, comfortable, ornamental for what is finer, purer, nobler, — better nurse-maids because better botanists.

I like what you say about a man's climbing up while young to a high level and establishing the plane of his life line, though he may totter at first. . . . I believe a young man ought to set his aim high; and, as the attainment of a high aim in the acquisition of knowledge and development of character entitles a man to influence and position, he should at once clearly recognize this. . . . The true thing of course is to carry the idea of consecration into all one's work, — work of preparation and work of fulfilment, — and then let God put us into whatever position He sees fit; if it be little in the world's eye, make it great by filling it nobly; if it be large in the world's eye, make it noble by filling it modestly. But as we human beings go, it is not well for us to fix our eyes too early in the course of preparation upon a position that is, externally speaking, small; it belittles the whole development.

I half envy you the fact of being under high pressure. I find on the one hand a great deal of enjoyment in a life of leisure and domestic quiet; but there is, on the other hand, a constant sense of not living up to one's opportunities and possibilities. . . .

I remain with great regard,

Very truly your friend,

E. C. GUILD.



MUNICH, March 31, 1882.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

A LETTER I have received to-day . . . apprises me for the first time of the serious nature of the illness through which you have been passing. . . . I am very glad to learn at the same time that you are passing out of danger; but that, even if one leaves out of view the possibility of relapse, makes one think of a long and tedious convalescence, perhaps many months of delay in resuming cherished projects and pursuits. I well remember your kindness in coming over to Brookline to see me, and what a delight it was to me to get even that little glimpse of you; and I wish I were near enough to you now to show my grateful appreciation by trying to cheer you in your day of weakness. Perhaps your recovery will be more rapid than mine was, and you will be at work again before this reaches you, so that I know not whether to send you condolences or congratulations.

April 10.

I LET the above stand, to let you see that I had a prompt impulse of sympathy when I heard of your illness, though perhaps I ought rather to be ashamed to let you see that my impulse was not strong enough to carry me through even such a little sheet as this. But I have been thinking about you again in these last days, and so I find myself once more disposed to write. I have been reading a beautiful dialogue of Schelling's and an essay or sermon by Schöberlein on time and eternity. I think of you as having faced,

not perhaps the near presence of death, but at least the thought of the possible nearness of it, and so I think you must have learned much and grown much, —grown in the knowledge of the love of God; grown in the perception of the nearness, the immanence of the eternal life, — in the life of time. So I am quite decided now that I am to offer you congratulation and not condolence. No matter if you have lost precious opportunities of activity and of culture, you have probably had occasions for spiritual growth, yet more precious. I should have been sorry, on the whole, if you had died, because it seems to me the world can ill spare one of the few men who have at the same time intellectual cultivation and a sense of the reality of spiritual things. But I should not have been very sorry, because I should have felt sure that God would put you where you were just as much needed as you are here; and it may be at the same time, where in doing equal service you would win a far higher reward, or rather a higher blessedness, as it is not reward that we seek, it is merely the resultant joy and growth, this later, in which we rejoice. Then, too, this living on for years at such a distance from my friends, and finding that I can still feel the relation of friendship very positive and sustaining and real, confirms and deepens my faith in the persistence of all true spiritual relations. I think I can feel my friends who have gone out of this world to be as real friends as those who are still here, though their helpfulness to me may not be as direct. It is perhaps inconsistent when I go on to say that I wish I could see you and talk with you about this and other

themes; but it is not inconsistent; for in spite of this wish, I can feel that I should have your sympathy in all I might say, if not always your endorsement. . . .

BRUNSWICK, May 19, 1886.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

It gives me a real happiness, all my own, to be permitted to share the joy of two friends whom I so much love and honor. Best of all is that you are both so happy and with such assurance of growing gladness; and next best, to me, is it that you both like to tell me about it. I could wish nothing better or more beautiful for either of you than just this which has happened. I can well understand how both this world and the world to come seem to you richer, fuller, sweeter and more worth living in because of this, and how every relation of life gets new value and meaning. I realize that you are, both of you, even more worth having as friends than you were before, because you are each, now, so much more complete and perfect a being.

Gladly, if I were a priest, would I make a thank-offering in your name. But I think, even in God's eyes, the best thanks He receives is in the happy look in her face and the happy heart the look bespeaks. . . .

TO MRS. ELIZABETH JOY WORCESTER. 193

TO MRS. ELIZABETH JOY WORCESTER.

BRUNSWICK, Nov. 5, 1893.

MY DEAR BESSIE:

. . . . .  
I AM laying out plans for the winter which will keep me very busy. I have a girl studying (gratis) five hours a week in German and two in English Literature. I am to have the Crescent Club again in English Counties. I am reading French Literature very eagerly (the first time I have made any vigorous attempt in that direction for forty years). I am going on with Icelandic under a promise of assistance from our new Professor of German. I have a Bible Class in Galations. I am to give Mrs. Johnson regular lessons in English Literature. And I am still purposing to give some Sunday evening lectures. . . .

BRUNSWICK, Jan. 13, 1894.

. . . I am rejoiced to hear that Alfred is so well. But he holds the duty of self-preservation so very light when weighed against the needs of others that I never expect him to go on very long without breaking himself down. I quite approve; I don't know what life is for unless it is to give it away. The only question is whether it is wiser to give it all at once, or in great lumps which leave the giver crippled, or

to make it last as long as possible in order to be on hand a great while with something still to give. It is a matter of temperament, I suppose, or of Divine guidance. To some men it is given to take the great heroic way, to others the small economic way, but they may be all ruled by the same Spirit, perhaps. . . . I liked Frank Bolles's books very much, and saw the notice of his death with great regret. In this line look at "Woodland, Moor and Stream" and "In a Fishing Village," by a son of the Marshes, edited by J. A. Owen. He has done for Kent (in a very different way) what Richard Jeffries did for Wiltshire. Do write again when impulse and opportunity meet. Give a great deal of love to Alfred, and believe me always,

Faithfully your friend,

EDWARD C. GUILD.

## TO HERMANN J. WARNER.

AIBLING, Sept. 23d, 1882.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

. . . I find this place very charming, and want you to see how lovely it is; it wears well even after Cortina; from Cortina to Munich is too great a contrast; but here you have a broad, noble horizon, as fine as Munich or Schleissheim could offer, and at the same time the land about you is diversified, — little slopes and risings of the ground affording lovely outlooks. To-day has been perfect, and I have enjoyed a long walk with Cæsar, lasting till the sunset had faded from the sky and the moon had risen. . . .

MUNICH, Mar. 24th, 1883.

. . . I am making a lot of translations for Mr. Allen, out of Friedrich Pecht's articles on German Art and Artists, and I find it very amusing. It is to me quite as entertaining as playing cards or chess would be (games that afford great delight to the majority of people); indeed it seems to me specially to resemble the game of cards called "Patience" or "Solitaire." The German sentence is like the pack of cards when shuffled and laid out in a form appointed to test the ingenuity of the player; the cleverly-rendered English sentence is like the neat piles which result when the game has had a successful issue. Pecht's style is

a little involved and overladen, but, on the whole, good. I was angry with him yesterday because I found this sentence; he was speaking of Senbach, and his first interview with him: "Nachdem ich mich desselben publicistisch mit Wärme angenommen." I understood him to mean "in the public press;" but, I said, what right had he to use the word "publicist" in any other than its legitimate meaning, viz., a writer on international law, and proposed to myself to go to him and rebuke him. But to-day, as I read the *New York Nation* of Feb. 3, 1883, I came upon a letter from a London correspondent in which at the very beginning the word "publicist" is used in connection with journalism and as a synonym of "journalist." I considered a London correspondent of the *Nation* a good authority, and was prepared to take off my hat and apologize to Pecht for my harsh judgment. But on reading further, I found that the writer is an American, and, still more, that he is unable to write good English, and has no respect for the purity of her language. Fancy! he basely coins a most abominable word, — "secedeling," — a little seceder; hanging is too good for him! I would not recommend assassination, but "boycotting" would serve him right; let no man sell him bread or beer; let no man speak a word of English in his ear; let him be put outside the pale of humanity till he learn to honor his mother tongue. . . .

March 25th.

. . . I find myself, as I have always said I should, much more inclined to write letters now that I have something else to do; this partly on the principle of "stolen water and bread eaten in secret." It is partly that one appreciates more highly an opportunity which one must seek and guard than an opportunity so large that one can afford to waste it; it is partly that a little vigorous grappling even with small problems stimulates the mind and makes it both more observant and more communicative. . . .

MUNICH, March 26th, 1883.

I FIND when I have written anything in the way of a letter, I have a sense of self-approval which leads me to crave at once the approbation of others, and I cannot let it lie quietly in my portfolio. I must send it off at once, and say with St. Paul, "See how large a letter I have written with my own hand." I began the enclosed sheet with the idea of accumulating material for a letter, but I am too lazy to rewrite, and too much pleased with myself for having written it, to keep it back any longer.

Last week at the Frauenkirche, in the "forty hours' devotion" between Good Friday and Easter, they had a stuffed monk on the altar stairs so that the priests could all go out together after their beer. America is not the only home of humbug.



MUNICH, Sept. 22d, 1883.

MY DEAR FRIEND :

THERE 's no time for beginning an answer to a welcome letter so good as the moment you have done reading it, so I sit down, in momentary expectation of my landlady's appearance to lay the cloth for my solitary dinner, to write "um die Wette," and see how much I can scratch down before it becomes necessary for me to scorch my mouth with her boiling soup. Your letter sets me chuckling, — nay, I must acknowledge to a good "guffaw" when you knocked down Ware with a feather; oddly enough the only other missive the gentlemanly clerk at the bank delivered to me this morning was a Burlington paper Ware had sent me with a book notice in it. But the most delightful thing in your letter was the way you sat down on me in regard to the spelling of Glückstrasse; you are no featherweight yourself, but I hope you will manage to fall as lightly as possible when I slip out from under you.

I acknowledge it would have been a very appropriate thing if the city-fathers of Munich had named a street after the Ritter componist, but the fact is they did n't. Perhaps in the old days when hunting was even more loved by Princes than it is now (and that is saying a good deal), it seemed natural that the "Street of the Huntsman" should lead from the "Street of the Princes" into the "Street of Happiness." At any rate, so they had it, and so it stays, and the street that adjoins them is the "Street of the Finches;" and in other parts of the town you will find Hay Street and Grass Street, Salt Street and

Pepper Street and Sand Street. Salzstrasse, indeed, has historical significance, as the city grew out of her salt trade,—but it was rather a poor joke to name the next street Pepper. You see I am an authority on Munich, being employed to edit a guide-book of her city.

When you corrected my spelling, or rather my etymology, you did, however, have the politeness to say: “If it were not presumptuous to make this correction?” to which I reply: “It were.” I am cross to-day, having had a severe attack of novel-reading, such as I have not suffered from for several years. . . .

MUNICH, October 1st, 1883.

. . . I quite agree with the opinion you used to express, that if I stayed here much longer I should get to have the same feeling you have of the intolerableness of the American habit of incessant work, and the delight of the peace and indolence of European life. I find my work of translation, now that the novelty of the first pages has passed away, growing excessively tedious. I find the habit of idle and desultory living hard to break up. But I still hope, when I can once more get into the line of my profession, that it will not be impossible for me to adapt myself again to the demands of it. I think I understand how it is with you; only I regret more than you seem to do, that you have already become unfit for American life, and that I am so far in the way to become so. It seems to me that the powers and acquisitions of a man of culture involve responsibility. If

he feel himself able to effect something outside of regular professional channels, I admit that to be the best and highest way; if he feel that his powers are not large and strong enough for that, then he should put himself in harness and work in line with his fellows. The preceding generations have worked together to produce the influences which have made us what we are, and we owe to mankind to exert ourselves to maintain and improve what is good and to remedy what is bad in these influences, that they may act to even better issues on the coming generations. So it is with regret that I find the restlessness and discontent with idle living, which beset me for the first two years of my residence here, passing away. . . .

BETHLEHEM, N. H., Aug. 8th, 1884.

I BELIEVE I have already written to you since I began my summer wanderings, and you will have perceived that I was already able to take a more cheerful view of the prospects of the Pedestrian in this country. Since then I have passed many delightful days out of doors, and many pleasant hours on foot. Up here in the hills it is quite a different matter; there is more variety of surface and more attraction in the scenery to draw one on, and the air is more invigorating. One walks all day without fatigue. Still I do not care to perform great feats or walk great distances; ten or a dozen miles is enough for me. I am disgusted with the way they try to fence in the view here, and make you pay a quarter for the privilege of looking at the sky and mountains from the most

favorable point of view. Bye and bye they will make us pay so much for the air we breathe, and a "Pflasterzoll" for walking in their streets. But they have not fenced in all the hills here yet, and there are many beautiful views to be had without paying for them. So perhaps I have not much reason to complain. I find, as you do, that I have not much inclination to read; the charming views constantly draw my eyes from my book; the varied opportunities for walking make me restless; the little occupations of domestic life break up my time.

August 9th.

WHAT you say of the want of sympathy on the part of the average American with pedestrianism is profoundly true. I had a strong sample of it at Nahant. There, there is little to invite one to long walks; and when one day I walked over to Dungeon Rock in the Lynn woods, the astonishment expressed at my extraordinary performance savored almost of contempt. I might have reduced myself to exhaustion at lawn-tennis, or broken my bones on a bicycle, and no one would have been surprised. But to walk! that was "Unerhört." Here, however, it is different. Everybody takes little walks, and long ones are not condemned.

BRUNSWICK, ME., Nov. 29th, 1885.

I THINK in the contrast, which the picture I gave you of my interests and occupations here has called out in your mind, between your own life and mine, you do not do yourself justice. I admit that to my own

feeling life would not be satisfactory without some function in social life which would put me in definite positive relations with my fellowmen. I think it is the natural outcome of Puritan inheritance, and a very prevalent feeling in New England. But why should it follow that every life must be on the same pattern? I hold that God has a special, peculiar, individual plan for every man of us all; and He knows how to get that plan fulfilled, and He knows what that plan is, and what is to be effected by it better than any looker-on, better even than the subject of the plan himself. And it seems to me one prime issue of that plan every time is *character*. All my preaching and praying, all my writing and talking is useless and ineffective, except I back up what I say and what I do by what I am.

Now it seems to me your attitude in life is a thoroughly consistent and beautiful one. You undertake nothing but what you fully and thoroughly perform. You simply present yourself to your fellowmen as one full of kindness, full of sunshine, bringing cheer and glad smiles of welcome upon the faces of all whom you approach. You walk quietly and unobtrusively thro' life, honored and beloved by all who know you, and wherever you have been you leave people happier and better for your having been with them. Your genuineness, your honorableness, your sincere kindness, your cordial friendliness make every man think better of human nature. Probably you could have done nothing better for the glory of God and the elevation of humanity than to let the world see a consistent, honorable man, passing

through life, shedding cheer and kindliness all around him. If you had taken to Prison Reform or to attending Peace Congresses, or any other method of improving society, you would probably have ridden your hobby so hard as to do more harm than good. Anyhow, if you had been meant to put your hand to preaching or to politics, or any other way of bettering mankind, you would have had the inward "Drang," and could not have resisted it. As it is, you have been obedient to the inward vision which was given you, — a vision of a calm, sweet, quiet, well-balanced character, which took no pains to proclaim itself, which made no effort to exert an influence and do a specific work, but simply lived itself out in the world without self-consciousness, without strain and bustle, and left God to dispose of the beautiful effluence of it as He would; to lodge it in a few hearts where it yet will, must, as seed, take root and bear fruit. I agree with you that "the world is something too vast and alien to grasp and be made into an agreeable element of consciousness," and so when you ask, "Does Christianity as it presents itself to-day grasp the problems of the world?" I am inclined to answer, I really don't know. It seems to me that it would be better for China and Japan and Burmah, and all the rest of them to become Christian; but I am not sure; all that is too vast for me. I only know that when parents are told by the Doctor that their only child, a girl of seven or eight years old, has Bright's disease, and has got to die, it is a wonderful support and comfort to them, absolutely adequate to anybody who will take it and rest in it. I only know that for those

dozen students who come to hear me preach, it will make the best possible guide and inspiration for life which *they* can get, and I thank Heaven that I have not got to settle the question as to the world in general, or large masses of people, but only to deal with specific cases where Christian education makes it the natural, the only possible way. But I am not arguing, for your own words show that you quite agree that for me there is no fitter way.

BRUNSWICK, Jan. 21, 1889.

SINCE Jan. 1st I have made sixty calls, — actual count, by record made daily. I would n't have believed it myself if I did not know that I had been careful to keep an accurate record. I have put in circulation, from my own shelves, twenty-seven volumes; from the College Library ten volumes; and I have out in loan nineteen manuscript sermons, lectures, etc. You see I opened a fresh memorandum book at the New Year, and am tempted to count up as the pages fill. I cannot keep up the same rate of circulation in summer because people read more novels. My total for last year, of my own and of Library books, was two hundred and thirty-five. But perhaps the more significant fact is that I lent, during 1888, to seventy-two different people. But enough of this, it is my hobby; you must pardon me if I trot it out sometimes.

Mar. 30th.

You want more samples of queer English: Mr. William Sharp — I don't know who he is — has under-

taken to write a life of Heine; it is not all borrowed and second-hand; he has his own notions, sometimes penetrating and suggestive, sometimes weak and blind; and he has his own peculiar way of expressing them; sometimes clever, sometimes flat, never very strong or deep. He talks about an "appendical note" to *Reisebilder*. One of the drawbacks to the permanent attraction of Heine's prose is, — what? why this, viz.: "the ephemeral nature of the substantive value of much of it." A further reason for the failure of Heine's prose works is, don't you see? "They are not sufficiently octopus-like. Their tentacles do not spread far enough in all directions equally" (no, I must give it all), "nor grasp sufficiently firmly that which is behind or all that lies collaterally." If I were sufficiently immorally, viciously bad to lie at all, I would use the "lie direct" and not the lie collateral.

In *Zion's Herald* for Nov. 14th, 1866, appeared a poem on the "History of Methodism." It contains some striking passages. As a sample, let me quote the account of a fire in the house of Mr. Wesley, the father of John and Charles: —

" His children all, both great and small,  
Of which he then had eight,  
Were rescued from the fire, save John,  
Who, when it was too late,  
Attempted to descend the stairs,  
Which then were in a flame.  
Yet answered were his father's prayers,  
And hence survives the name  
Of one, through whom we now can tell,  
Of millions plucked as brands from hell.



"The father, kneeling on the green,  
Commended unto God his child;  
Just then the little boy was seen  
(While all with frantic fears were wild)  
Standing on the window-seat,  
Surrounded with consuming heat.  
A stalwart man amid the crowd  
Lifted up his voice aloud  
(As one than others wiser, bolder),  
'Put a man upon my shoulder!'  
In fifteen seconds ('t is no lie)  
Two men were standing twelve feet high!  
The top man then, amid alarms,  
Received the child into his arms."

It is superfluous for me to point out the artistic finish of such work as that; how you are prepared for the worst by being told that all except John were rescued when it was too late to save him; how your heart is gladdened then by finding that he was saved after all; how full of life the narration, in giving the exact words of the bold hero who conceived the design of taking a man on his shoulder to make a ladder of escape; how the reader's mind is filled with confidence in the whole story by the careful accuracy of statement; that the rescue took just fifteen seconds, — all the beauties are so obvious that it would be an impertinence for me to do more than allude to them.

June 9th, 1889.

ON the platform at the Congregational Church this evening there were three of us who were classmates at Andover in 1855 and '56. The tone of the whole meeting was broad and inclusive. I was called upon

to take the parts set down in the programme of the evening as "Scripture Reading" and "Prayer," and was well pleased to find myself recognized as a Christian pastor among the men, now representing those who in former days would have refused all fellowship to a Unitarian. I have waited for this now four years and a half, having always hitherto been left out on such occasions, and I am very glad that at last I have been counted in.

BRUNSWICK, ME., Dec. 9th, 1889.

You will be tired of hearing about our clubs here, but this "Klubwesen" fills so large a slice of my life here that I cannot give you any idea of it without telling you about them. For professional work I have now for four months, on Sunday — morning service, evening lecture, and Bible class between — and on Wednesday evenings a Teachers' Bible class. Then I have my afternoon club once a fortnight; this year a study of "Emerson's Essays" in comparison with other treatments of the same topics; and on alternate weeks our Gentlemen's Club, with discussion of varied topics, and supper; last time I opened the talk on "Books that have helped me." This year I have no Literature plan, but instead I am "coaching" two of the Young Ladies' Clubs, the "Shakespeares" (so-called), and the "Crescents;" that is, I do not attend the meetings, but I have laid out the courses and assigned the work, and see that each girl gets the requisite books in hand in time for preparation. The "Shakes" have taken a group of twenty novelists, beginning with Dickens and coming down to,

but not into, the present day. The "Crescents" have taken recent English Poets, a group of seventeen, — Morris, Arnold, Rossetti, etc., the Vers de Société men, Dobson and Lang, etc. The "Shakes" meet every week, the "Crescents" every fortnight, and I have to keep the books flying. Then my German Conversation Club meets once a fortnight, alternating with a French one, to which I do not belong.

About the clubs, it may interest you to know that there are twenty-five members in each of the two elder clubs, and twenty-five in the two girls' clubs together; so that I come in contact with about seventy-five people, of whom only two or three attend my church.

I do not expect to go to Boston again till March. But I am to lecture once (or perhaps twice) at Portland, and to read a paper at a ministers' meeting at Waterville. You see how it is; I cannot write letters; I have not the necessary "Ruhe." Where I have so much "pressure" I get into the way of doing nothing without "pressure," nothing except what crowds me. My chief recreation is still tramping. I have taken no long walks since I came back in September, but I get in an hour and a half to two hours in the Plains most every afternoon.

BRUNSWICK, Mar. 5th, 1890.

I BELIEVE the time comes for every man, when the best he can do is to leave the practical work of the world to younger men, and devote himself to contributing to human life an atmosphere of quiet, of content, or (to use your favorite word, quite the absolute

one) of serenity. I think you are now fulfilling that function in a way altogether admirable. I only wish you had a fixed habitation, then the influence of your life and character would make a more marked and positive impression on the younger generation. I think I am preparing myself to do the same work well, bye and bye. I have largely got over fussing and fretting, — impatience with inevitable limitations, the vague idea that one ought to do something effective at once towards setting the world right, the notion that I can make people over into something different from what God made them.

Our club meets to-morrow afternoon to discuss Emerson's "Essay on Old Age." I wish I had time to write a paper on it myself; but I have a Bible class this evening, and a German class to-morrow afternoon, and I have no time. I may, however, take "Sources of Serenity in Old Age" for a Sunday morning topic; one cannot be expected to preach to children *all* the time.

Sept. 26th, 1890.

I DO not seem to be in a mood for letter-writing of late; I do not know why, I only know the bare fact. I read to-day a *Post* with some educational and statistical items of interest. In regard to a gift to the Technological School, note the use of the word "option." Certainly the English language is a "living" language; one can see it grow and squirm; here a limb lopped off, here a monstrous excrescence, and all the time a continual enlargement, a continual increase of muscular force and of pliability and adaptation to use.

Oct. 8th, 1890.

You defined my reason for resuming the habit of smoking (if you can call it a habit when I have smoked just four times in the last five weeks) when you asked "was it merely in order to put yourself more in accord with others on social occasions?" There was one other reason, — the dislike to feel myself a slave to the law of abstinence. Yes, another still, — the wish not to lose the power to smoke in case I should go again to Germany; but "craving for tobacco" or "stimulus" or "solace" I do not know much about. I could not put myself back into bondage to a pipe again for a large sum.

June 20, 1893.

THIS letter ought to prove something unusual; I began it by thrusting my pen into my pipe, which stood, full of ashes, by the inkstand. There should be therefore about this letter something of that geniality and repose and readiness for chat which belongs to the pipe smoker; when even one's very pen and ink seek an infusion of tobacco, the result ought to be perceptible in the flavor of the letter.

## TO MRS. FREDERICK STEARNS.

BRUNSWICK, 1885.

I HAVE just administered the Communion here for the first time, and there is no occasion when the thought of absent friends is so near and dear to me, and I think I should be glad to know that when they thought of me, it was to remember me in that service. I like to be remembered, anyhow, and if I was told that I was remembered for my laugh or for my little jokes, or any other way, I should still be glad. But I think I should be best pleased to be remembered as standing at the Communion table. How I would like to hold that service once more in Waltham. But after all it is one which is peculiarly independent of time and place. In that service I always feel as if those who were gathered around me were old friends. For, according to their years, they have been living for the same purposes and by the same strength as I, and the sense of brotherhood and kinship springs up in a moment.

1893.

FRIENDSHIPS that are worth anything are of slow growth. I shall not be satisfied until I have passed a night under your roof. A friendship which does not include this special phase of experience always seems incomplete. I often get impatient at seeing

how little immediate effect, how little direct response my ministrations produce. But such words as yours convince me that it is even better, if one can plant sacred associations which live and thrive after one's direct influence is removed.

I never expect to make a great impression by a single sermon. My hope is in the influence I may exert week after week thro' the year, and that influence is perhaps not less deep because it is apt to be silent.

#### EASTER.

I CAN imagine how lovely it must be in Waltham at this time, but I should like to hear all about it. Everything interests me, from the most minute incident of human experience to the blooming of the flowers and the coming of the birds. What day did you see the first martin in Mrs. Bellis's bird-house?

Nothing helps and stimulates me so much to-day as to have you and — write to me of your troubles and your hopes in the religious life. I recognize a warm and living relation so positive and real that I feel I can help. I can help partly because I care very much to help.

TO THE DAUGHTER OF AN OLD FRIEND.

BRUNSWICK, Dec. 25, 1892.

I WON'T tease you to write to me. The taste for writing letters is a gift, a natural endowment, like a taste for poetry, or for the violin. It is given to some people and to some it is not given. I don't know that it is a very desirable gift, or a very profitable one. But I doubt if it can be acquired. If you have n't it, no doubt you have a thousand gifts better worth having.

MARBLEHEAD, June 23, 1899.

You gave me just what I wanted, — a frank and bright picture of your own life. I am glad you told me that you are frivolous, and love dancing and gay society, for I should not have guessed it from your photograph. The photograph pleases me very much on the whole. One knows that a photograph can never give much expression, and, on the whole, it is wiser to let it look solemn than to take the only alternative and let it try to perpetuate a grin. The amount of work you have in hand does look somewhat appalling, and it is good that nature has bestowed on you a taste for social life as an offset.

Entertaining books are not difficult to come at, but really stimulating and strengthening books are more



rare. The most so of any I have recently read is the life of Jowett. I keep a note-book of striking passages, and I am apt to gauge the real worth of a book by the number of entries it furnishes. Nine books out of every ten do not furnish one, but out of Jowett's I reaped a rich harvest. These notes often furnish quotations for sermons and sometimes even the foundation of the sermon itself.

TO MRS. ABBY PARSONS MACDUFFIE.

NORTH PEMBROKE, Oct. 8, 1895.

I WAS very glad to get your letter and to feel that a new chapter of fellowship may be opening for us. . . . I don't think I feel quite as strongly as you do the effect of the gap in our fellowship. I suppose it is because I am older and have had more frequent experience of such gaps. With some people I do feel "almost as if death had come between." But I did not feel that way with you. You seemed to me essentially unchanged; matured, ripened with the years no doubt; but in all that made you dear to your friends the same. And your letter makes me the more sure of it. You are one of the few people whom I know who are willing to speak of the deeper things of life, of what they feel and think, as well as of what they do. And it is a great pleasure to meet such people, because they stimulate one to define and express one's thoughts on high themes.

CONCORD, March 20, 1898.

You have my deepest sympathy in the abiding sense of loss which you feel since your father's death. Profoundly convinced as I am of the continued sympathy and help of those who have passed beyond the veil, it is never the same as the direct and mutual expres-

sion of it in which we have hitherto found comfort. But I do believe that God is more and more to us as He becomes almost our only friend, when others pass away. And there must be something stimulating to you in the thought that, since your father can no more impress upon young minds himself directly the principles and motives which were sacred to him, it is still possible for him to do so through you. The power of his life and character may still go on working through your influence and that of others who have loved him.





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